

AND OTHER COTTAGES AT AMESBURY (Illustrated).

# COUNTRY LIFE

26, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

VOL. XLVIII. No. 1246.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York, N.Y. Post Office.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 1920.

Published Weekly. PRICE ONE SHILLING. Subscription Price, per annum post free. Inland, 65/- Canadian, 60/- Foreign, 80/-

## SAVORY'S STRAIGHT CUT CIGARETTES

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

ALSO

Turkish, Egyptian & Russian Blends

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Sole Manufacturers,

J. L. SAVORY & Co., LTD. 47, Piccadilly, London, W.1

BY ROYAL WARRANT



TO H.M. THE KING.

Telephone 5552 Gerrard.  
Telegrams "Duvel, Ox, London."

DECORATION.  
INTERIOR WOODWORK.  
PARQUET FLOORING.  
ELECTRIC LIGHTING.  
STRUCTURAL WORK.  
FURNITURE.  
ANTIQUES.  
UPHOLSTERY.

## HOWARD & SONS

Ltd.

25, 26 & 27, BERNERS STREET,

LONDON, W. 1.

*Champagnes of Quality*

## PAUL RUINART

1906 and 1911 VINTAGES

Now obtainable at all High Class Stores and Hotels.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write, sending us the name of your usual Wine Merchants, and we will arrange for supplies being available.

Sole Agents (Wholesale) in Great Britain for PAUL RUINART et Cie., RHEIMS.



# RONUK

The  
Sanitary  
POLISH.

NOTHING IS THE SAME, NOR HAS THE SAME REFRESHING  
SMELL AND ANTISEPTIC VALUE.

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE, LINOLEUM, &c.  
OF ALL GROCERS, STORES, IRONMONGERS.

A LITTLE RONUK GOES A LONG WAY AND WILL  
POLISH AND RE-POLISH BY SIMPLY USING A BRUSH OR  
A CLOTH, OR, BETTER STILL, A RONUK HOME POLISHER

Write for Leaflet to—RONUK, LTD., Portlade, Brighton, SUSSEX.

# Ramada

## PURE WOOL HOSIERY—UNDERWEAR

means bodily comfort and mental comfort—because you are well protected.

If you are unable to obtain "Ramada" write  
to the Manufacturers for name of Retailer.



William Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Trade only.)  
(Dept. 11 R), 24-26, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

# AVON

Tyres

lowest cost — highest quality

Ask for current Motor List S.24—and compare.

815 x 105 cover £7 18 9. 30 x 3½ cover £6 2 6.



BY APPOINTMENT.

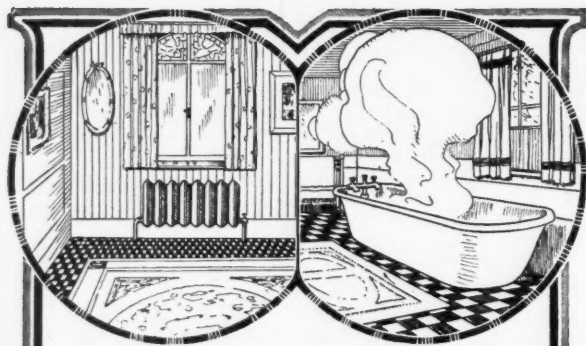
Interior Decoration  
Renovation & Repairs

## TREDEGARS

5, 7 & 9 BROOK STREET LONDON W 1

Tredegars, Ltd.

May 1919 1032-1033



## SAVE COAL

THE "UNA" SYSTEM OF HEATING AND HOT WATER SUPPLY FROM ONE BOILER.

THE TWO SYSTEMS ARE QUITE DISTINCT AND WATERS ARE NOT MIXED.

NO DEPOSIT FROM HARD WATER. EXISTING SYSTEMS CAN BE ADAPTED.

MAID CAN MANAGE IT.

ESTIMATES FREE.

**YOUNG, AUSTEN & YOUNG,**  
ENGINEERS, 8, BUCKINGHAM ST.,  
STRAND, W.C.2.

Telephone:  
Gerrard 1469.

WORKS: LEICESTER.

Telegrams:  
"Heaterette,  
Westrand,  
London."

## 'PERFECTOS'

### No. 2

#### Virginia Cigarettes

Distinguished by a superb delicacy the result of a matchless blend of the finest Virginia Tobacco

10 for 10½d.      50 for 4/3  
20 for 1/9      100 for 8/-

'PERFECTOS FINOS' are a larger cigarette of the same quality.

**JOHN PLAYER & SONS,**  
NOTTINGHAM.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited.

P.856

## ESTATE ENGINEERING

SANITATION, SEWAGE DISPOSAL, WATER SUPPLY, PURIFICATION AND SOFTENING. HEATING, CONSTRUCTIONAL WORK, Etc.

### SAVE EXPENSE

by employing the services of an eminent firm of Consulting Engineers and a well-known firm of Contractors embodied in ONE UNIT

## GAUL, GENNER & BROCK

ENGINEER CONTRACTORS

28, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1.

Phone: Vic. 7460.

With the large and varied Experience at our command **EFFICIENCY, SAFETY AND ECONOMY** are Guaranteed.

Telegrams: Bathchair, Weedo, London.

Phone: Mayfair 1040

## CARTERS

(J. & A. CARTER) LTD

"The Alleviation of human pain."

## BATH CHAIRS

By Appointment

Wicker Bath Chairs for extreme comfort and of unexampled durability.



THE "BADEN."

2, 4 & 6, NEW CAVENDISH STREET, LONDON, W.1.

These chairs are illustrated with prices, in Sectional Catalogue No. 3.

If further interested, please ask for Modern Comfort Furniture, the standard work of reference for all Invalids and Comfort Lovers (600 illustrations).

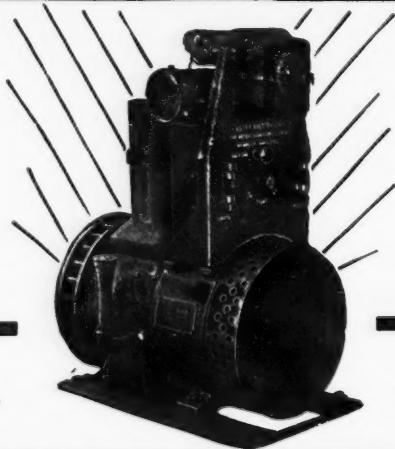
EVERYTHING for the DISABLED or INVALID

## ASTER BRITISH LIGHT ELECTRIC LIGHTING :: PLANT ::

British



Made throughout.



Install it in Your Home.

It gives a constant supply of pure white light.

It saves money in lighting bills.

It operates pumps, churns, etc., etc.

It occupies small space and gives no trouble.

A child can start it.

**ASTER ENGINEERING CO. (1913) LTD.**  
WEMBLEY, MIDDLESEX.

PHONE

WEMBLEY 22 & 23.

Aster set to the



the fashion world.

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 1246.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 1920.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.  
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.



M. NEILSON.

LADY GREENWOOD, C.B.E.

180, New Bond Street, W.



# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.  
Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 760.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Lady Greenwood, C.B.E. . . . .	653, 654
The Tractor and the Weeds. (Leader) . . . . .	654
Country Notes . . . . .	655
A Moment, by V. H. Friedlaender . . . . .	655
Oh Mihi Præteritis Referat si Jupiter Annos, by R. G. T. Coventry . . . . .	656
The Spirit of Sacrifice. (Illustrated) . . . . .	657
Reopening of the Wallace Collection, by H. Clifford Smith. (Illustrated) . . . . .	658
Forest Lovers in Norway . . . . .	660
Chinese Art in England: IV.—Late Ming Blue and White Porcelain, by R. L. Hobson. (Illustrated) . . . . .	662
Day, by Miriam Shillito . . . . .	665
Country Home: Honington Hall.—II, by H. Avray Tipping. (Illustrated) . . . . .	666
More Notes on the Colour of Eggs.—II, by the Master of Charterhouse. (Illustrated) . . . . .	674
Correspondence . . . . .	677
Rider's Strain (T. N. Darling, M.D.); An Australian Pet for the Prince of Wales; A Scene from Siena (Walter J. Clutterbuck); The Colour of Eggs (H. Greenhough Smith); Afforestation (S. O'Dwyer); Hot Water Plates (Walter Churcher); Pied Wagtails Flocking (Ernest Blake); Where Do Fish Come From? (L. F. Easterbrook); Salmon and Sea-trout Flies; Trees on the Afghan Frontier (A. P. Anderson); Beach-combing for Coal (F. Lumbers); The New Primula Helodoxa. . . . .	679
The Estate Market . . . . .	680
Pisé and Other Cottages at Amesbury.—I. (Illustrated) . . . . .	682
Honouring a Good Horse. (Illustrated) . . . . .	lxiv
The Automobile World. (Illustrated) . . . . .	lxx
Tractors and Frost. (Illustrated) . . . . .	lxxii
Some Tests with Cooppat Powder, by Max Baker . . . . .	lxxiv
The Domestic Uses of Gas.—II. (Illustrated) . . . . .	lxxvi
A Novelty in Foursome Play, by Bernard Darwin . . . . .	lxxviii
The Importance of Evening Manteaux. (Illustrated) . . . . .	

## EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

## THE TRACTOR AND THE WEEDS

SINCE the advent of the tractor plough into the ordinary cultivation of the soil the destruction of weeds has been very considerably simplified. Even before this machine came into use skilful farmers had arrived at the conclusion that weeds are more easily destroyed in autumn than in spring, although earlier agriculturists had believed more in attacking the weeds just before crops were planted. As a matter of fact, seedling weeds appear in tremendous numbers during the latter part of September, the whole of October and the early days of November. If these are left in the ground during the winter they make very sturdy plants and begin seeding very early in the year. But the tractor plough has proved a great cure for all that. Probably the present year is the first in which its merits have been adequately realised by the British farmer. In October and November there was a succession of sunny days that were ideal for ploughing. The typical day began with a heavy mist in the morning which made things wet but did not affect the ground to such an extent as to militate against ploughing. Then gradually during the forenoon the fog cleared away, and by the middle of the day a brilliant sun was shining on fields bordered with trees and plantations on which the leaves had been colouring for months. The weather and ground

were suitable for the work of husbandry, and there is scarcely a farmer who is not, therefore, further advanced in his autumn cultivation this year than he has been since the beginning of the war. On many holdings the work which used to extend to Christmas and even beyond it is now finished, and attention can be directed to many tasks that would otherwise have been neglected. Drains are being cleaned, hedges cut and mended, roads improved and many tasks of a kindred nature undertaken that will exercise most useful influence on the work to be done in the busy time. It helps everything forward and gives opportunities even for reading—an amusement in which people who work on the land indulge only to a small degree. Yet it would pay them in the long run to give attention to such a work as that produced by Dr. Brencley of Rothamsted on farm weeds. The book is published by Longmans Green and Co. Dr. Brencley has for many years specialised in the study of weeds. At Rothamsted there are special facilities for doing this, since the land is treated in almost every variety of way. Some of it receives the closest attention, other parts have been just as systematically neglected in order to find out what the results would be. The plots on which weeds thrive best are those on which wheat or barley has been sown continuously for a large number of years without the intervention of another crop. For example, Broadbalk field has carried autumn-sown wheat regularly since 1843, that is seventy-seven years. During all that time it has been customary to plough up the stubble as soon as the crop is harvested and to sow the next crop immediately afterwards. This means that there never was a good opportunity of making a winter fallow so as to enable the successive crops of weeds to be attacked and destroyed. Black bent grows up and ripens with the wheat, so that the harvester scatters its seeds over the ground. A wheat crop affords very little opportunity of using the hoe or other instruments for getting rid of the weeds, and consequently the ground has become thoroughly infested with this nuisance, though black bent is not a very abundant weed in the surrounding country. A corn crop, then, is not a suitable one for getting rid of weeds. A root crop is much better for that purpose. Potatoes, turnips, beet and other roots are grown in a manner that is fatal to weed growth. The hoe is used at every stage and successive crops of weeds are destroyed so that at the end of the year the ground is clean. Seeds often prove the very best weed-killers. When you get a good heavy crop of red clover the weeds are smothered underneath, and the cleaning is as perfect as any process of the kind can be.

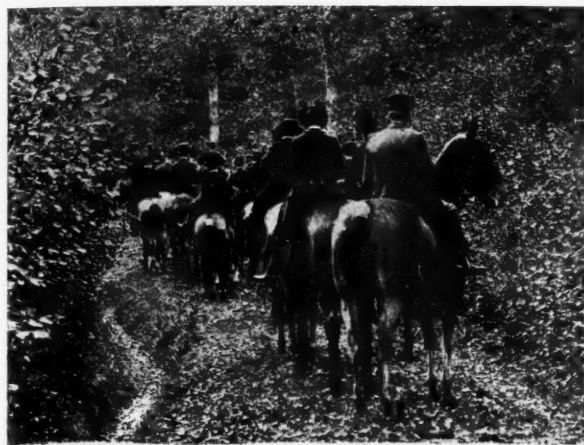
These principles may be said to constitute the A B C of husbandry and, needless to say, we do not put them forward on the ground of novelty. Most farmers understand the practice thoroughly, but a very large majority have not realised that the use of the tractor facilitates the application of these methods to the land. In the first place it enables the whole of the ground to be ploughed, and that more than once when necessary, so that millions of seedlings that would otherwise be allowed to grow up into most destructive weeds are killed, and it provides that amount of spare time in the autumn which enables the farmer to devote his attention to acts of cultivation which have a direct and indirect effect on the growth of weeds. Large farmers and small will find it to their advantage to study and digest Dr. Brencley's book until they understand the nature and habit of every noxious weed that interferes with the production of food for men and animals.

## Our Frontispiece

WE give this week a new portrait of Lady Greenwood, C.B.E., wife of Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bt., Chief Secretary for Ireland. She is the daughter of Mr. Walter Spencer of Fownhope Court, Herefordshire, and was married in 1911.

\* \* \* Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.





## COUNTRY NOTES

WE hope that some really strenuous attempt will be made to bring the prices of food-stuffs into some correspondence with the actual cost of production. In Canada and the United States there is so much wheat that they do not know very well what to do with it. They could send the surplus to this country if only we exported goods that they require, and the state of the exchange, although it has shown an improvement during the last few days, still makes the price of foreign and colonial wheat almost prohibitive. However, when there is plenty of food in the world there must be a possible way of cheapening it at the home. In America, again, there seems to be an abundance of sugar, which is sold for the equivalent of eightpence the pound, whereas we are paying for it one shilling and twopence. This should be open to reduction also. The price of bacon keeps up in a manner that taxes the patience of those who know the facts. Good bacon at the stores is costing from four shillings and sixpence to five shillings a pound, which seems to remove it from the category of things fit for any breakfast-table except that of the profiteer. Eggs, too, continue to go up in price in spite of all the efforts of the poultry-keepers. Some vigorous action is required in regard to these necessities of life, especially as wages are showing a distinct tendency to come down in many industries and legislation will not keep them up for long.

THE most important result of the League of Nations, which is in parliament assembled this week at Geneva, may be to inform the public with some clearness what its constitutions and aims really are. Nobody seems quite clear on the subject as yet. There are representatives of some forty different countries there, and we may assume that the majority have some requirement to make of the League. On the other hand, an enterprising publishing firm has got together a large number of experts and is publishing a book described as an authoritative statement on the work of the League of Nations. Each nation or group of nations seems to have its own interpreter, Lord Grey of Falldon filling that part for Great Britain. We notice that Marshal Foch, among many others, is very sceptical about the League, and it seems strange and anomalous that an organisation which owes its existence to the President of the United States should have no representative of that community in the parliament of the world. However, it has made a beginning, and perhaps its objects and methods will be clarified by progress.

THE Victoria and Albert Museum has done well to get up a temporary exhibition of Spanish art to be kept open as long as the Loan Exhibition of Spanish paintings is open at Burlington House. The people of this country require little to stimulate their interest in the glory and

romance of Spain. Our forefathers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries knew more about it than we do. Spain was then the old enemy, mistress of the seas and one of the richest countries in Europe. In spite of the Inquisition, it was, in respect to the arts, advanced and liberal. While the plays of Shakespeare were being written, one of Shakespeare's peers was writing the immortal Don Quixote. Of its great paintings much has been already said in our columns and more is to follow, a feature being that to-day Spanish artists are producing pictures by no means unfitted to be set beside those of their illustrious predecessors. The Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum is to consist mainly of Spanish industrial art, many of the finest examples being those purchased by the late Sir Charles Robinson as far back as the sixties and seventies of last century. The representative collection includes architectural details and sculpture, pottery and glass, books and illuminated manuscripts, goldsmiths' work, jewellery and iron, the great *retablo* from Valencia, textiles, embroideries and furniture. It is a splendid supplement to the show of paintings at Burlington House.

### A MOMENT.

Bicycling on a frosty afternoon,  
I turned a sudden corner and was poised  
A moment on a hill-top.

The road ran  
Down, steeply down before me; where it stopped,  
Another hill winged on a tender curve  
To meet the open sky; a green, green hill  
Soft as a flower, intangible as flame—  
For beautiful upon it flowed the sun.

The village street grew strange. I was as one  
Caught into space above the spinning earth;  
Life was a soundless show, a pale mirage,  
And all the world a screen, a film of gauze  
That could not hide from me, that scarcely veiled,  
Hearted in that gold dazzle on the hill,  
The opal fire, Eternity. . . .

I looked:  
For half a breath I understood: and then  
The hillside took my wheels down, down; the film  
Became opaque; upon the screen appeared  
Old, teasing patterns of mortality.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE Victoria and Albert Museum also promises a great pleasure to all interested in English mediæval art. By the generosity of the Dean and Chapter of Durham it has obtained on loan from Durham Cathedral many of the most interesting books from the monastic library, a considerable portion of which Durham was able to preserve. As nearly all the work is northern English from the school of Lindisfarne and the school of Durham they will show English art at its origin. For, though the monks of Lindisfarne came originally from Iona and therefore brought their ideas of Irish art with them, these ideas were quickly modified until they became the foundations of English art. The best exemplar is, of course, the famous Gospel now in the British Museum; but we are promised many others. There are calligraphy and illuminations ranging in date from the seventh and eighth to the fourteenth century. The bindings include specimens of the famous Durham work of the twelfth century and one of the thirteenth century. Several of the books were given to the monastery by the two bishops, William de St. Carleph (1080-96) and Hugh de Puiset (Pudsey, 1154-95). Three of the volumes of the Pudsey Bible are included. This Bible is one of the most splendid in existence. The collection is to be shown in the East Hall and will remain on view for three months.

SOME time ago the Minister of Health intimated that he intended to ask Parliament to enable empty houses to be taken by local authorities for the purpose of assisting in the solution of the housing problem. He formulates his proposals in the first clause of the Ministry of Health (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill, which he recently introduced

in the House of Commons. If the Bill passes as drafted, it will provide that any county, city, borough or district council may, for the purpose of providing houses for the working classes, hire compulsorily any empty house which has been unoccupied for three months and is suitable for the housing of the working classes. The hiring is to be for not less than twelve months and is not to extend beyond Christmas, 1923. If the rent is not agreed, it will be settled by an official arbitrator. The Act is not intended to apply to Scotland. It is to be hoped that before the Bill becomes law it will be amplified so as to elucidate two points that will at once arise—who are included in the term "working classes," and what kind of a house is "suitable for the housing of the working classes?" It ought to be made clear whether "working classes" is confined to artisans, mechanics, labourers and the like, or whether it has the extended meaning of all persons who earn their livelihood by wages or salaries, and whether a suitable house means one within the limited rental values laid down in the Housing Acts, or any house, whatever its rental, that can be let out in tenements to anyone who is willing to become a tenant of one, two or more rooms.

IT has come out that tramway finance at the present moment is in a serious condition. What brought the fact to light was the usual application for an increase in wages on the part of the men. This was examined by the National Joint Industrial Council for the tramway industry, and the position, in round figures, is as follows. The total loss in the last financial year was over a million and a half. It has now increased to over three million and a half, and if the demand for higher wages was met it would become close on £4,800,000. A feature is that the earning power of the tramway has very considerably increased, but not to an extent that could ever meet the heavy loss. The only remedy is an increase in fares; that is to say, if the workers can establish their right to better wages, then the general public, as usual, is called upon to meet the outlay by higher fares on the tramway. This is simple and clear enough; but, at the same time, everybody knows the great advantage cheap transport has been to industrial workers in the past, and if the demand for wages goes on increasing, it must go altogether.

UNTIL the middle of November the trees in Southern England presented a sight of extraordinary loveliness. A more beautiful autumn was never known. But the gale that raged on the night of the fourteenth sent the red and yellow leaves flying. Even in well wooded districts they were swept off the roads and off the bare spaces into ditches and other shelter, just as snowflakes are blown into a snow wreath. It established the wintry aspect of the country. Many birds had not waited for such a warning. We do not refer to migrants merely, but to the song birds and other familiars of the wayside and spinney that draw nearer to the towns and away from the country when the prospect of hard weather faces them. London itself, as an accomplished writer has just reminded us, at this season is one of the best places for observing wild life, especially that of wild pigeons in the parks and other wooded enclosures, and gulls on the river. Now is the time when the black-headed gull, without his black head, comes in growing numbers to be fed by those who linger on the Embankment for the purpose of watching the clever birds catch the crumbs as they are thrown to them.

FOR the first time the Robert Louis Stevenson Club met in Edinburgh on Saturday last under the presidency of Sir George Douglas with Mr. Gosse as chief speaker. Stevenson had a genius for friendship, although, as Mr. Gosse pointed out, very few people were admitted to his intimacy. Those who enjoyed that advantage were, however, extremely faithful as long as he lived, and in his death he is very far from being forgotten. There are said to be twenty-five members of the club who remember him, but in many cases the acquaintance was slight. Mr. Gosse, who was one of the few intimates, recalled how they met for the first time on board the *Clansman* in Hebridean

waters in 1870. He describes him as "that pale lean youth" who came on board behind the venerable figure of Professor Blackie. The next meeting took place at the dinner table of Andrew Lang. From that day until Stevenson's death "we never ceased to be close and intimate friends." Mr. Gosse, as a critic, holds that Stevenson, in spite of his own humble definition of himself as "a sedulous ape," was really the originator of a new school. He is right in so far that Stevenson has exercised more influence upon those who were young men in his day than any other writer of our time. We wish every good fortune to the society that has been founded to commemorate and keep alive his fame.

IN our pages to-day will be found a review of "Pan," the new novel by Knut Hamsun, who has just been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1920. The name is assumed, as he was born Pedersen in 1860. His parents were poor, and as a boy he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. As early as 1878 he published a novel and a poem at his own expense, and they turned out failures. He then worked his way to America, where he earned his living as a farm servant and later as a conductor on a street car. He got back to Norway in 1885 and tried literature again, but with no better result than before. Three years later he published his novel "Hunger." It formed the foundation of his fame, which reached its consummation with the publication of "Growth of the Soil" in 1920. The village boy has had a wonderful career. The success of "Growth of the Soil" affords incidental proof that the world is not by any means so deaf to good literature as is sometimes alleged. This novel came as a surprise to the English public. One or two specialists knew of the author beforehand, but the reading public as a whole was absolutely ignorant of his name and achievement.

OH MIHI PRÆTERITOS REFERAT SI JUPITER ANNOS.

There is a magic well  
Amongst the cloudy hills,  
Which gives—so legends tell—  
The wisher what he wills.

And most have asked for gold,  
Thinking of their desire  
All other joys to hold  
In fee, or have for hire.

But I, in its deep springs  
Gazing, vainly implore  
The unreturning things—  
Youth, and the years no more.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S energetic and wholesale denunciation of the "national weakness, folly, and scandal that £500,000,000 worth of food which could be produced here should be imported" ought to be printed in large capitals and set up wherever land is not made to yield as nearly as possible up to its capacity. The Prime Minister said that the security of this country depends upon increased food production. The land that has been recovered from the waste in Denmark, Germany, Holland and Belgium is about the worst possible. We have thousands of acres of better land growing nothing but firs, gorse or very poor grass. At the same time, the regiment of the unemployed is swelling daily and the problem of finding work for idle hands is becoming one of the most tragically serious. There was not a more foolish step taken than that of stopping at the first whisper of economy the promising reclamation schemes which had been planned. That was the direction in which spending money was excusable, because a return was ensured. We hope that Mr. Lloyd George will give effect to his burning eloquence by taking immediate practical measures for starting work that will not only give employment but add to the wealth of the country and the food supply. That is the way to make the sovereign look the dollar straight eye to eye.



## THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE

“THE world is too much with us,” one is often inclined to say with Wordsworth when brought face to face with the profiteering and pettiness and egoism and small ambitions which were freely liberated during the progress of the Great War. One gets to understand the attitudes of the great prophets, from Job to Carlyle, who lifted up their burden against the iniquity of the human heart and its baseness. “There is no peace on earth” says the voice of the pessimist in the course of each succeeding warfare. But in a better moment we see the evil is on the surface, the good hidden from sight. The way in which Armistice Day has been kept in this country may well give hope and buoyancy to the most depressed. Its two emblems brought to a head all that was most pathetic and noble in the public mind, making us see that humanity is in reality better than it sometimes appears. During the war itself no wonder that a certain fatalism, even callousness, came over many. There were those lists of dead and wounded and missing that seemed endless. There was the story, so often repeated and yet true to the very core, of some generous and golden youth who had yielded up all in the scientifically barbaric warfare. It was only at the dead hour of night that those who had lost their nearest and dearest gave expression to the silent and bitter regret that underlay the cheerful countenances worn in public. All the repressed depth of feeling was brought to a head by the Cenotaph and the symbolical burial of an unknown soldier. We note and regret that the word “soldier” was changed to “warrior” and that in thousands of notices and little poems the inmate of that never-to-be-forgotten tomb in Westminster is spoken of as a hero. That was merely a concession to a rather vulgar partiality for impressive words. It is far finer to think of him simply as an item, a private in the ranks, as likely as not with little of the heroic in his disposition. How many young men did we know, like Mr. Stephen Gladstone, for instance, who went to the war cheerfully recognising that he was not cut out for a soldier and that soldiering was the very last profession he would willingly have taken up. But for the sake of his country, his family, his own honour, he joined before compulsion was introduced, appearing on the field only to be shot within a few days. Of course it may be said that he was of an extraordinary nobleness, but if we agree to that it still remains true that as a soldier he just belonged to the honest, ordinary type with a sense of duty and patriotism. The public know that, too, in their hearts. They honour the men who were most fitted to act as sober, good citizens of the Empire, to whom war was abhorrent, but who, nevertheless, conquered their objection and did the best they could for their country. Such a man we imagine the Unknown to be, although it is also possible that he was one of the exceptions. Fortunately no one has been able to form even a guess at his identity. They could not, as those who disinterred him found no relic or other object that gave a clue to his name. Nevertheless, that long journey he

made to Paris and from Paris to Boulogne, followed by the most distinguished of living Frenchmen, saluted by Marshal Foch and the other great soldiers, carried across the water in a ship of war and escorted by destroyers, brought to London from Dover and, after a procession the like of which England has never seen since the body of Queen Eleanor was carried to its rest and crosses erected to mark the route, passes for ever into the history of Great Britain. Here is a symbolical figure that has appealed powerfully to the imagination and the passionate regret of his country. If this funeral rite had been invented for the purpose of illuminating the idea of the Cenotaph—the empty tomb—it could not have been done more fitly and aptly.



NOT TO REST HERE BUT IN THE ABBEY.

The King and Queen, the greatest men of the day, assembled to do honour to this nameless soldier of England, and in him—let it be remembered by every mourner who feels perhaps with an added pang that theirs has been loss with no signal honour to dignify it—to every soldier, however obscure, who fell in the Great War. The monument and the grave will be visited by future generations long after we, the living witnesses, are mouldering into dust. Our children's children will come and look at the monument as the great crowds did during the week and they will remember. For all time it will be an inspiration towards that spirit of sacrifice, the development of which was an atoning feature of the Great War.



## REOPENING of the WALLACE COLLECTION

THE difficulties of those who are responsible for the arrangement of an institution such as the Wallace Collection are manifold. Hertford House is not a gallery or museum in the ordinary sense, and, while retaining the character of a house furnished in the reigns of Louis XIV and his two successors, it must, at the same time, be so set out as to be able to show to the best advantage a collection of masterpieces of painting side by side with other

form in which we now see it, though modified in many details, is due in the main to that distinguished critic and art historian Sir Claude Phillips, who held the keepership from 1897 until his retirement in 1910, when Mr. D. S. McColl was appointed Keeper. The experience that has been gained of the working of the institution during the time that intervened between the year 1900, when it was first thrown open to the public, and the closing of the galleries during the war have been profited by

to the full; and the opportunity which the war afforded has resulted in considerable alterations in the original set-out of the galleries and in a number of other noteworthy improvements.

The exhibition was already maimed and restricted in the year before the war. During the campaign of the Suffragettes in 1913 the chief masterpieces of painting were removed from the walls and the more fragile objects withdrawn into closed rooms. In that shape the collection remained open until February, 1916. The staff, depleted gradually by war service, was no longer sufficient for guarding the collection. It was therefore closed, and more objects were removed to the basement. With the increasing danger from aircraft in the latter



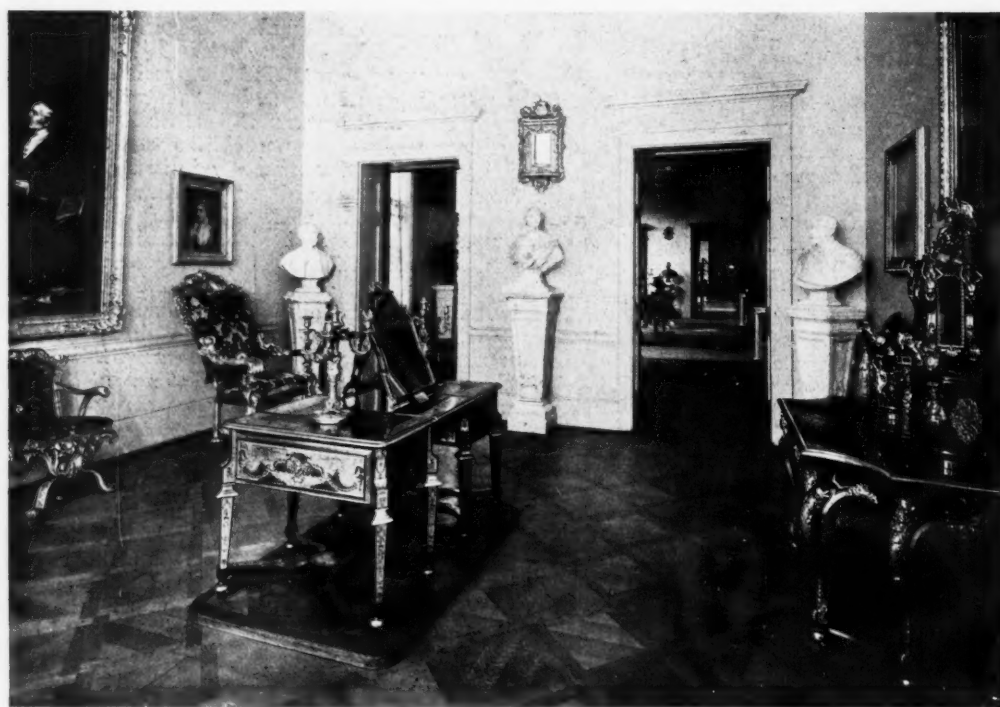
NEW ROOM OF DUTCH PAINTINGS.

One of three new rooms constructed in place of the old bedroom quarters of the house.

works of art. The problems that have to be faced include the lighting of the rooms and, what is of great importance, the choice of suitable backgrounds for the proper display of the individual objects. Precautions, too, have to be taken to protect the exhibits from damage caused by the smoke-laden atmosphere of London and the fingers of irresponsible members of the public. The arrangement of the collection in the general

part of the year 1917 the entire collection was packed up and removed to the Paddington section of a tube excavated at a depth of nearly a hundred feet for Post Office parcels transport. In 1918, on the eve of the Armistice, the Naval Intelligence Department, which had taken over the greater part of the premises some eighteen months before, were replaced by the Accounts Department of the Munitions Ministry, and it was

not until the end of the year following that the building was finally evacuated. Even then it was not ready to receive back its treasures; the process of fire-proofing the roofs, begun before the war, had to be completed, and the whole of the interior cleaned and partly redecorated. Other difficulties and delays prevented an earlier reopening of the galleries, but now at length the public will have an opportunity of passing judgment on the various alterations that will be found to have taken place. These consist in structural and other improvements, increase of exhibition space, considerable rearrangement of the objects, and last, but not least, in a new scheme of decoration. One



THE FOUNDERS' ROOM.

Formerly the Board Room, now devoted to busts and other portraits of the founders.

the most noteworthy improvements is that which has been made in the skylight galleries on the first floor of the building. The side galleries were badly lit by a double glazing in the centre and were also too high for their width. The height of the roof has been lowered by 4ft., and the light directed, as it should be, from the sides to fall upon the pictures, not upon the spectator. Other structural alterations in the old bedroom quarters of the house on the second and third floors have resulted in the formation of three new galleries. One of these has been devoted to pictures of the Dutch school, another chiefly to water-colour drawings, and the third to modern pictures including a group of works illustrating the Napoleonic period. Several superfluous doorways on the two lower floors have been closed, adding thereby to the available wall space and simplifying the circulation through the galleries. Visitors will now make their way round an outer and an inner circle of rooms on these floors without missing a gallery as soon as all the rooms are reopened. A valuable extension of space has been gained by throwing into the galleries the corner room to the left of the main entrance formerly used as the Board Room. This room has been devoted to busts and other portraits of those who formed the collection and gave it to the nation, and of others connected with the house by kinship or other ties, "so that the attention of visitors may," as Mr. McColl has expressed it, "be directed to those benefactors on the threshold of their tour." The three chief busts, shown in the illustration of the room, are of Lady Wallace, and of Richard, fourth Marquess of Hertford, and Sir Richard Wallace, the founders of the collection. Appropriately so arranged, their place on the grand staircase has now been taken by three others; and the famous balustrade of wrought iron and gilt bronze made for Louis XIV and bearing his cypher, which was removed from the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris and purchased by Sir Richard Wallace, is now dominated by the imposing bust of the Grand Monarque, by Coysevox, flanked by Houdon's Madame Victoire and Madame de Sérilly, two works of art which are among the chief treasures of the collection.

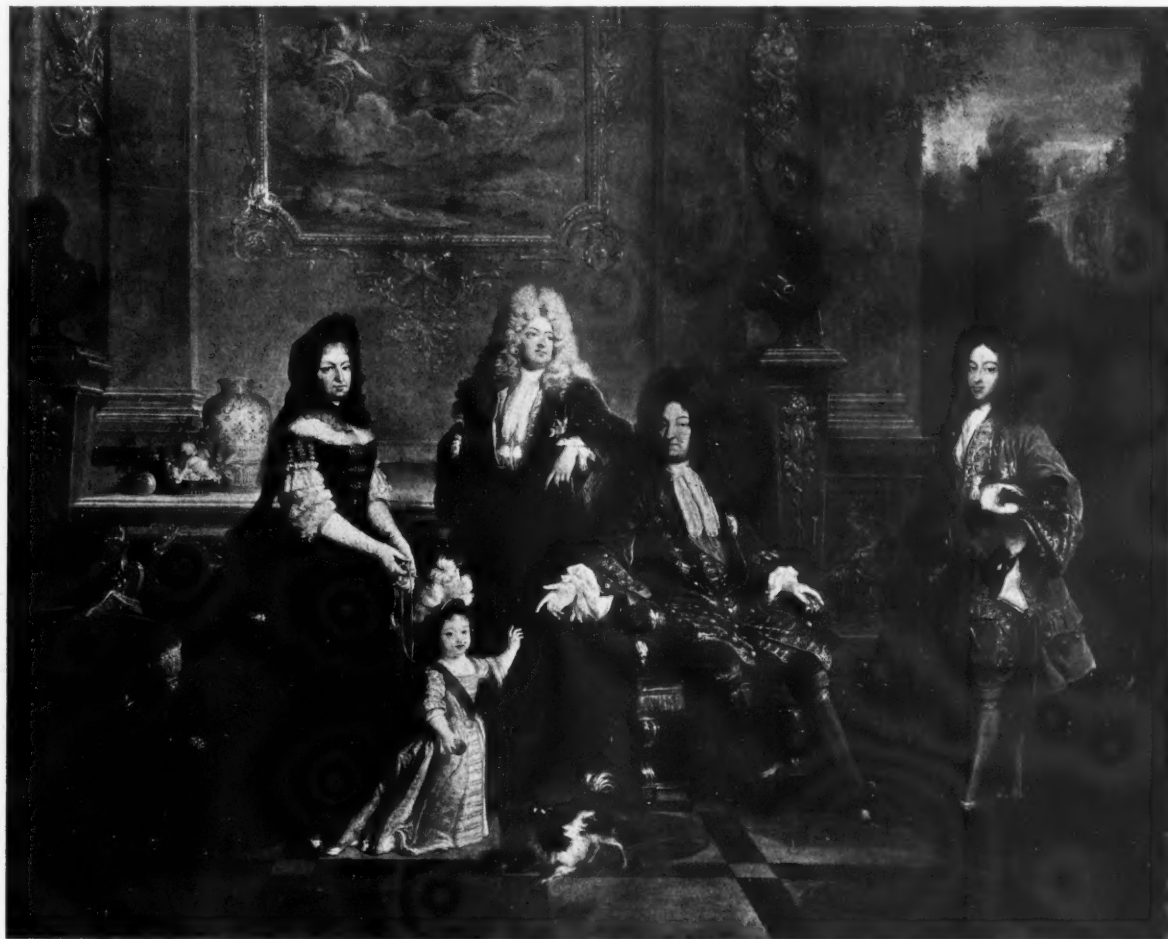
A room between the new Founders' Room and the entrance hall has been hung with a group of Royal English portraits which are connected by associations with the house; and on entering the corresponding room on the other side of the hall the historical sense of the visitor will be further gratified by finding it arranged as a French Royal Room, with portraits



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH THE POMEGRANATE.  
Small fifteenth century Florentine picture, with its original frame, now exhibited for the first time.

grouped about one of the famous Caffieri chandeliers. Moved here from one of the side galleries upstairs and hung in a conspicuous position is Largillière's "Family of Louis XIV," a striking historical composition which up to the present has scarcely received the attention it deserves. Four generations are shown: the King; his son, the Grand Dauphin; his grandson, the Duc de Bourgogne; and his great-grandson, the infant Duc d'Anjou, afterwards Louis XV, advancing in leading strings held by Madame de Maintenon.

The great picture gallery and two of the galleries beside it are still in the builders' hands, and until these are ready the two armouries at the back of the house have had to be used



THE "FAMILY OF LOUIS XIV," BY NICHOLAS DE LARGILLIÈRE.  
This picture has been moved from a side gallery and hung in a conspicuous position in the new French Royal room.



for purposes of storage. Elsewhere those whose memory can take them back to the old arrangement of the galleries will notice changes of one sort or another in every room. Very conspicuous is the absence of the brass stanchions and stout cords designed as a protection to the furniture. The object in removing them is, obviously, to try to do away with the museum look; but it is an experiment which cannot be viewed without some slight misgiving. Conspicuous above all are the lighter backgrounds in place of the old crimson or dull green. A subject which always invites criticism in a public gallery is that of the choice of suitable backgrounds for the display of works of art. Opinion here is divided. One party holds for colour, which, it maintains, tends to warm harmonies—an argument supported by tradition and by usage. The other favours the absence of colour. Mr. McColl belongs evidently to the latter party. His arguments for it are these: "In London winters light is precious, and from those clear surfaces it is reflected instead of being absorbed. There is the further advantage that the colours of the pictures and objects are not embrowned by the crimson or falsified by the green." Yet it cannot be denied that the canvas of golden ivory hue which covers most of the walls, suitable though it be for the pictures hung with real artistic taste upon it, tends to make the precious pieces of furniture ranged beneath them look somewhat dark and shabby. It is claimed for the canvas that it has the further merit of economy, for when



"THE DUKE OF PARMA DINES ON THE BATTLEFIELD."

Sepia drawing by Jacques Courtois (il Borgognone), now exhibited for the first time.

dirty it can be painted without the pleasant grain being destroyed. Might one plead, when that time comes and where there is a sufficiency of daylight, for a trifle more generous use of colour?

One or two further changes of a desirable nature in the outside as well as the inside of the house are promised in the future. Among them are the supersession of the black pointing of the external brickwork, and the replacing of the plate glass windows by panes in metal bars, which will restore the scale and character of the building.

H. CLIFFORD SMITH.

## FOREST LOVERS IN NORWAY

IN our issue of May 8th of this year we reviewed at some length Knut Hamsun's great novel, "Growth of the Soil." Not in our time has there been any comparable representation in fiction of the peasant of all time. Power, sympathy and brilliant style, easy and rippling like the flow of a river, all went to make that work one of the greatest of its kind. Recently, indeed, we have noticed that it has been lauded as the best novel published during the last twelve months. The same publishing firm (Gyldendal, Covent Garden, London) has issued a translation of another novel by the same author, *Pan*. The comparison between *Pan* and "Growth of the Soil" is that between a perfect little church and a great cathedral of the same period. Hamsun, in this novel, has concentrated his power on—we were going to say, on a few individuals, but one individual would be nearer the mark. Into his mouth is put the story, which therefore reads as a biography, except that the conclusion is necessarily by another hand as it involves the death of the writer. "Growth of the Soil" was staged on waste land that was gradually being brought under the domination of man. *Pan* is a story of the Norwegian forest, and Glahn is a simple hunter who is bewildered and dismayed at the complicated emotions to which he is subject when invaded by man's natural desire for the woman of his choice. In a simple and seeming careless little sentence he gives a picture, such as a painter might envy, of his surroundings.

From the hut where I lived, I could see a confusion of rocks and reefs and islets, and a little of the sea, and a bluish mountain peak or so; behind the hut was the forest, a huge forest it was. And I was glad and grateful beyond measure for the scent of roots and leaves, the thick smell of the fir-sap, that is like the smell of marrow; only the forest could bring all things to calm within me; my mind was strong and at ease.

If the reader can imagine Glahn, with his gun on his shoulder and his dog Æsop at his heel, tramping the wood in search of his dinner, he will at once realise that he has taken a step backward from England to a time of less artificiality and sophistication. The very spirit of the primitive hunter is reflected when he says to his dog as they come home from hunting:

"There, now we'll get a fire going, and roast a bird on the hearth; what do you say to that?"

We have quoted freely from this little introductory chapter because it at once supplies the atmosphere and gives the key to the story. No one who reads it would expect the people who subsequently appear on the scene to be as clean and well-mannered and conventional as the society to which they have been accustomed in this country. No doubt, those who take their ease in this English Zion will feel very superior to those who seem so far behind them in the race. But some who, perhaps, look more deeply into the matter will think that much has been lost as well as gained. At any rate, love-making in the Norwegian forest is a much more simple affair than in an English drawing-room. The heroine would not perhaps attract notice in ordinary circles. He calls her a child and a schoolgirl, and says she was tall, with no figure to speak of; about fifteen or sixteen, with long dark hands and no gloves. The significant phrase here is perhaps the "long dark hands," eloquent as it is of close observation. So there was another companion in the shooting, invisible, it is true, but real enough. It was the memory or vision of Edvarda. There is another girl who comes into the picture very quickly, Eva, the blacksmith's girl, who has got a couple of freckles on her nose. Primitive man was not a monogamist either in practice or precept, and Glahn's attachment to Edvarda was unformulated. It was rather a disturbance than a condition in his mind, so that it made no difference to other proceedings that in more refined society would be considered outrageous. The development of the passion of love between the hunter and the girl is essentially what has happened between male and female since the beginning of the world. The story of attraction and repulsion, of violent hate and violent affection, misunderstanding and, as it happened in this case, tragedy at the close. Glahn is, of course, much more than an ordinary hunter, though he does not know it. He has the eyes of an animal and a figure of Pan engraved on his powder flask, and the beautiful fable of Diderik and Iselin is introduced as they might have been into one of Botticelli's pictures. In his dream a

rich, glad laughter rings through the wood, and she goes off with him, sinful and full of rejoicing from top to toe. And whither does she go? To the next mortal man; to a huntsman in the woods.



The next salient in the story is a summer day when a party of young people full of the joy of life went boating and merry-making one afternoon. On his fresh, untutored mind the impression is deep and vivid:

An hour later, my thought is all rejoicing; even little things affect me. A veil fluttering from a hat, a girl's hair coming down; a pair of eyes closing in a laugh, and it touches me. That day, that day!

A little mistake occurs when a charming girl proposes, "Shall we exchange flowers? It brings luck, they say." He holds out his hand to do so, but she draws her harebells back with a "What are you thinking about? It was not you I meant." It was at this moment of humiliation that—

someone came quickly over towards us; all could see her—it was Edvarda. She came straight to me, she says something, and throws her arms round my neck, clasps her arms round my neck and kisses me again and again on the lips.

Even among those who have claimed a new freedom since the war it must be admitted that this would be considered forward; but it was not so in the circumstances. The mutual adoration represents only one stage in the progress of love—a beautiful and pleasant one in spite of discordant incidents. Rivals appear on the scene till he begins to think that people in these parts are like the short summer itself,

beautiful, but lasting only a little while.

And a great forsakenness came over him. He shows his impulsiveness, as she had done hers, and when she turned her back to him and began talking to the doctor who was sitting at the rudder:

For a full quarter of an hour I did not exist for her. Then I did something I repent of, and have not yet forgotten. Her shoe fell off; I snatched it up and flung it far out into the water, for joy that she was near, or from some impulse to make myself remarked, and remind her of my existence—I do not know. It all happened so suddenly; I did not think, only felt that impulse. The ladies set up a cry. I was as if paralysed myself by what I had done, but what good was that? It was done.

Such things have happened in many a love-story before. Sometimes they are but a prelude to greater happiness and sometimes links in a chain whose end is death.

It will be seen that the story is introduced with consummate skill. It will be for the reader to discover how exquisite is the writing and thinking. Many strange and moving incidents are to follow. The final catastrophe is exceedingly striking, but if we were to find any fault with the book it would lie in its melodramatic ending; and we say this in confidence that the discerning reader will agree. Still, it is the only flaw, if there be one, and it takes nothing away from the freshness, beauty and everlasting attraction of the single-minded young hunter. The more one reads the book the more one realises its witchery. It is one of the few pieces of contemporary fiction which is worthy of a place in the most select library.

*Children of the Slaves*, by Stephen Graham. (Macmillan, 12s. net.) RACIAL PROBLEMS beset the present day. We have the problem of Self-Determination (its application to actual conditions), the problem of Russia, the problem of Germany and future international relations, the problem of the Middle East, the lesser problem of Ireland—all of them in some degree offspring of the European War. World cataclysms produce a great brood. And that cataclysm, come to think of it, is only two years past. People are apt to forget that. And we grow befogged, we are baffled—often pessimistic. What is to be the outcome of it all—where will it all end? We ask, forgetting that the abnormal condition of our world is—normal. It was a fortunate inspiration which impelled Mr. Stephen Graham nine months after the Armistice to visit the Southern United States and to make his study of the perennial Black and White problem, the results of which are seen in the present book. We want air and space and a breath of a world beyond the European capitals, beyond the ephemeral States and Republics, beyond the oft-changing frontier lines. . . . Romance lingers about the land where cotton grows, whence coon songs come, where Dixie thrives (whoever he or she may be), and where sun and moon (in the artistry of its people) seem to portray a new significance. And that significance Mr. Graham has portrayed in *Children of the Slaves*. His visit to the Southland was not a long one—about three months, one gathers—and it is possible to conceive of this old problem being treated with an exhaustiveness, with a profundity of research sufficient to fill volumes: and thereafter relegated to the dimmer corners of the public libraries to be from time to time "consulted." *Children of the Slaves* is not such a book. Here you rather have the light and colour, the life and movement and atmosphere of this "Southern home"—distilled through Mr. Graham's vividness of style and close-grained, compact power of writing—so that from this background emerges, a real and vital thing, the first racial problem of our time. And from it emerge distinctively two personalities: a simple, foolish, clownish, childish creature, laughing, laughable, easily led, easily won, affectionate, faithful, emotional, ill controlled—the slave-child; a coarse, a brutish type, low in the scale of white civilisation, given to bestiality in word and deed, powerful and, on the whole, cruel—the slave-master's child. These two are the protagonists in the Race Question. It is hardly necessary to say who holds the upper hand. The book will not be popular in America, though it will be widely read. . . . And there are, of course, modifications, variations. The children of the slaves in their four hundred years' travail have produced men high, comparatively, in the scale of culture and ability, born leaders of their people, men such as Booker T. Washington,

Dr. du Bois, and the successful banker of Norfolk, Virginia. And there are in America to-day—south even of the Mason-Dixon line—those who regard the nigger neither as scum nor beast of burden, but as—what he is—a political factor and a living problem and a componently increasing part of the America that is to be. There are between twelve and fifteen millions of blacks in the United States. The first shipload of slaves, three hundred strong, landed at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1618. The four hundred intervening years chronicle a chapter as sad as any in the story of the human race. "New America in 1783, standing on the threshold of the modern era, inherited a most terrible burden in her millions of slaves. It was a burden that was growing into the live flesh of America, and no one dared face at that time the problem of getting free of it." But the American people, as a whole, were little responsible for the institution of slavery. The pioneers, Mr. Graham avers, hated and feared it, and since the Emancipation there has been no sane voice raised in the South to call it back. The slave period, it is worth remembering, did not brutalise the unfortunate black but it brutalised the white, and in powerful passages Mr. Graham conveys the coarsening, dehumanising effect of unlimited power fortuitously conferred upon one human being or class of human beings over another. The negro to-day, singing and laughing over his sorrows, is raising his head above them and progressing in spite of them; but the "low-brow" white is static and unintelligent, instinct yet with the cruelty of his forefathers and possessed of it to that degree in which his forefathers were possessed of unlimited power. One turns inevitably, and indeed immediately, to the lynchings which lend to the States of Georgia and Florida—are they fully aware of it?—a sinister fame, immediately, perhaps, because the single illustration in the book is of one of these still fairly frequent episodes, in which you see the head and shoulders of a negro silhouetted against the fire which has all but consumed him. It is not that ghastly outline, however, which chains your eyes to the picture with an uncanny fascination. It is the faces grouped round the pyre, a score or so—and one woman—smiling, delighted and gloating faces, faces withal offset by civilisation's varnish of down-to-date suits and collars and ties. That is the significant detail, because it brings you up, in your armchair study of the race problem, against something primevally savage and cruel in the hegemony of the great, progressive Republic of the twentieth century. For the Englishman, too, it puts the whole question on a new footing, on a different plane—without the realm of legal and political expediency in the race question, within the realm of savage anachronistic cruelty. And there is another fact to be deduced from this book—one all-important to the psychological analysis of the problem. Lynchings are not predominantly the result of outrages against white women, furiously, uncontrollably inspired. Of twenty-two such episodes in Georgia during 1919, only two were the result of alleged attacks on white women. The rest resulted from a variety of alleged crimes, including murder, attempted murder, being a propagandist, and making "incautious remarks." Of the discriminating, partial attitude towards the negro in the everyday life of the American nation, the "Jim Crow" cars, the rigid exclusion from social or religious or political intercourse, Mr. Graham has much to say, his remarks dwelling mainly on those aspects of it which the Negro himself feels most keenly. In Norfolk, Virginia, the white man's roads are kept in good repair, but on a parallel avenue where the blacks live they are execrable: both pay the same rates. In parts of the North, blacks are the most frequent users of the public libraries, but down South they are denied the use of them. Black soldiers were recruited to fight in the World War for a cause which they little understood—and the negro is denied his vote. The other side of the question cannot, however, be left out of account, and in the chapter called "The Southern Point of View" Mr. Graham sets forth the Southerner's Fourteen Points in regard to the Negro problem—a sort of Charter of Opposition. And every Englishman—excluding the case of General Dyer, which is not a parallel, but remembering Rhodesia—will be sensible that we have our own racial problem and that wheresoever throughout the globe Englishmen have lived among natives of an "inferior race" and that whomsoever those Englishmen might be, the same racial antipathy is expressed, the same jealousy of prestige exists, and there is the same emphatic insistence upon white domination and black separation and subjection. Article 7 of the Code runs: "If you had to live with them you'd understand how terrible it is." English administrators of experience and soldiers from almost every quarter of our black Empire support and echo this sentiment and indeed every one of the Southerner's Fourteen Points. Once or twice the "buck" nigger disguised as a boxing champion or successful music-hall artist, has visited our shores, applauded or attended by white women, gleaming with the largest possible diamond (and the whitest teeth). Has the impression been a favourable one? You need go no further than the Cable Street district of the East End of London or the docks at Cardiff and Liverpool to learn what is thought of juxtaposition with the negro there, whether by local inhabitants or by the police; what their behaviour is, unless most carefully "superintended"; and what their relations with white women. Certain facts and certain kinds of facts cannot be forgotten. . . . Mr. Graham is always restrained, moderate, cautious in *Children of the Slaves*, but, read as a whole, his book is an indictment. Whether he does full justice to the white man's point of view is perhaps arguable—by the other side, at any rate. What is not arguable is that the black is progressive and the white repressive and that the black is a patriot and a worker and, taken all in all, an indispensable labour asset—vide the great cotton plantations of the South—to the country of his enforced adoption. America claims to be the land of progress and of freedom, the pioneer of self-determination and the League of Nations, the protagonist of "oppressed Ireland," the new voice in an old and tired world—and in America, if we are to take *Children of the Slaves* as a guide, there dwell twelve millions of people subjected to a repression which to-day is nowhere surpassed and to a perpetual threat of devilish cruelty which in all history has never been surpassed.

WILFRID EWART.

#### BOOKS WORTH READING.

- Right Royal*, by John Masfield. (Heinemann, 6s.)  
*In a Green Shade*. A County Commentary, by Maurice Hewlett. (Bell, 6s.)  
*The Outcast*, by Selma Lagerlöf. (Gyldendal, 8s. 6d.)  
*Nollekens and His Times*, by John Thomas Smith. Edited by Wilfred Whitten. Two Vols. (Previous editions 1828 and 1894). (Lane, 31s. 6d.)

## CHINESE ART IN ENGLAND

## IV.—LATE MING BLUE AND WHITE PORCELAIN.

By R. L. HOBSON.

AMONG the rarities in the collection formed by the late Mr. J. P. Morgan there was a small series of Chinese porcelains with European metal mounts of late sixteenth century date, which was for a time on exhibition in the Loan Court of the Victoria and Albert Museum and figured as illustrations in Bushell's "South Kensington Handbook of Chinese Art." It comprises a bottle, a dish and two bowls which are said to have come from Burghley House and to have been handed down in the Cecil family from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They are all of the blue and white variety and can be regarded as typical late Ming export porcelains such as the Chia Ching (1522-66), Lung Ch'ing (1567-72) and Wan Li (1573-1619) periods produced.

How highly the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth prized the rare pieces of Chinese porcelain which came into their hands is shown not only by the costly mounts in which they had them

when he swept the West Coast of South America, will remember how he fell like a thunderbolt on the unsuspecting Spaniards, plundering their ships and settlements before they had time to realise that a daring Englishman had passed the Straits of Magellan and invaded their hitherto undisputed domain. On this raid, when one degree north of the Line, Drake fell in with a Spanish galleon laden with "Linnen cloth and fine China dishes of white earth and great store of China silks. Of all of which things we took as we listed."

Thomas Cavendish of Trimley followed Drake's course some ten years later, and among other captures took the *S. Anna*, a large Spanish ship "of some 700 tons" laden with "Silkes, Sattens, Damasks, with Muske and divers other merchandize." If the porcelain which he afterwards gave to Queen Elizabeth was not among "the other merchandize" on this occasion, it may, perhaps, have been picked up later at Manila, where he



1.—EWER. HEIGHT 6½ INS.  
British Museum Collection.



2.—WATER-BOTTLE MOUNTED AS A EWER. HEIGHT 7½ INS.  
Victoria and Albert Museum.

enshrined, but also by the fact that they deemed them worthy of presentation to their august mistress. Thus Marryat tells us that among the New Year gifts to the Queen in 1587 there was a "porringer of white purselyn garnished with gold" offered by the Lord Treasurer Burghley; while Mr. Robert Cecil offered a "Cup of green purselyn." The latter may either have been a celadon like the Warham bowl or one of the green enamelled bowls discussed in our last article. We read, too, that Cavendish is said to have presented "to his Royal Mistress the first vessels of porcelain ware which came to England." The diarist is doubtless at fault in the last part of this entry; but the mention of Cavendish sheds an interesting light on the way in which these Royal gifts may have been acquired.

Direct trade with China was not yet secured by the English merchant adventurers; but we know that our ships were already challenging the Portuguese monopoly in the Eastern seas. Stray arrivals of porcelain through the ordinary channels of European trade were now supplemented by large consignments of china captured on enemy ships. Those who have read the thrilling story of Drake's first venture round Cape Horn in 1578,

found many Chinese ships. It is a detail which is not recorded in the narrative of his voyage of circumnavigation.

And who will say to-day whether it was peaceful trade or the spoils of war which gave us our cherished porcelains with Elizabethan mounts? Or again such pieces as Fig. 8, a blue and white bowl with European mount of the sixteenth century? Stripped of its metal trappings, this last is a simple piece of late Ming porcelain with good white body and a high glaze of faint greenish tone, painted in a dullish indigo blue with a repeating design of cranes hovering over a pot of lotus plants. This quality of blue, though common enough on the wares of the Wan Li period, would only have been used on the inferior porcelains of the earlier reigns. Even in the Lung Ch'ing period the blue of the better glass wares retained something of the fine dark tone of the Mohammedan pigment. This is evident from Fig. 3, a massive box bearing the Lung Ch'ing mark and finely painted with figure subjects, like the goblet mentioned in the inventory of Margaret of Austria—"peint à l'entour de personnaiges d'hommes et femmes."

Late Ming porcelains are not very uncommon to-day and it would not be feasible to describe all the varieties even





3.—BOX WITH LUNG CH'ING MARK. LENGTH 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ INS.



4.—DISH IN PERSIAN TASTE. DIAMETER 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ INS.



5.—PLATE. DIAMETER 8INS.



6.—LATE MING BOWL. DIAMETER 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ INS.

All British Museum Collection.





7.—BOWL WITH DUTCH SILVER MOUNT. DIAMETER 5INS. WITHOUT HANDLES.  
R. E. Brandt Collection.



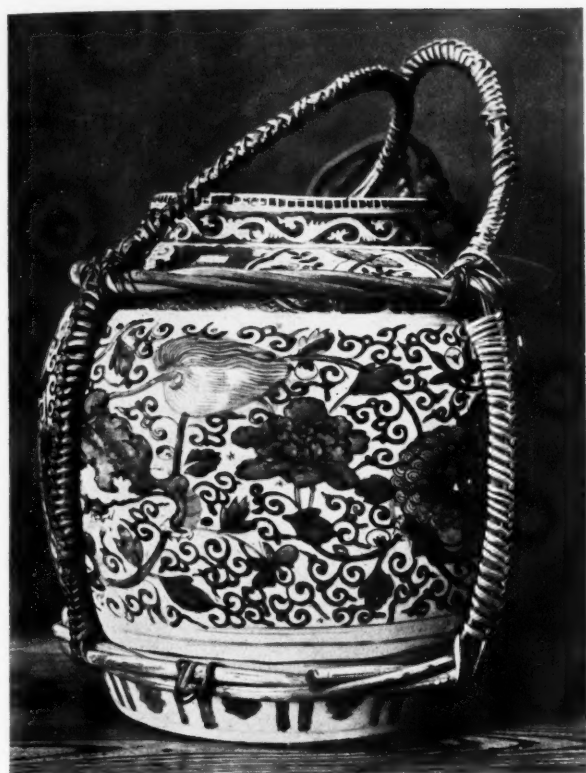
8.—BOWL WITH SIXTEENTH CENTURY MOUNT. HEIGHT 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ INS.  
British Museum Collection.



9.—BOWL WITH NORTH ITALIAN MOUNT. DIAMETER 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ INS.  
R. E. Brandt Collection.

of the blue and white; but there are some abiding types which seem to have been especially popular in the export trade and which must have continued to be made over a considerable period. They have left their mark on the contemporary Persian pottery, and the Dutch Delft ware of the seventeenth century is a monument to their persistence. One group in particular is associated with Persia, where specimens are still found in considerable numbers. It is illustrated by Fig. 4, a dish with landscape and two deer in quite a Persian style, but with a Chinese border which is characteristic of the group, with its panels of miscellaneous ornament separated by a peculiar tasselled design. The quality of these pieces varies widely; and sometimes they are heavily made and the blue is of a dull indigo tint.

But there is another kindred group with a general similarity of appearance, though with pure Chinese designs, which is perhaps the most attractive of all the export blue and white porcelains. It is formed of a fine white material, thin, light and sonorous, and covered with a clear glaze of high lustre which, like most Ming glazes, is not entirely free from those tiny flaws or pinholes known by the Chinese as "palm eyes." Bowls, ewers and dishes of this crisp porcelain usually have their sides lightly embossed in the manner of metalwork and their edges waved or crinkled. The decoration, of which some typical illustrations are given in Figs. 1 and 5, is painted with a free and skilful brush in a pale silvery blue of great purity and beauty. The little wine ewer exemplifies most of the features of this ware. Its body is embossed in six lobes like a melon, its mouth is crinkled in star pattern and the spout is supported by crisply moulded floral sprays in full relief. The panelled decoration contains figures of graceful ladies in garden surroundings, diaper patterns and symbols; and the well known "rat and vine" design decorates the neck. Under the base the glaze is roughly spread, and there are traces of the sand on which the ware rested in the kiln. Though there are no date marks to be found on these wares we know that they reached Europe in the late Ming period. A bowl similar to Fig. 6 has been traced to the ownership of William V, Duke of Bavaria (1579-97); and others with silver mounts of late sixteenth and early seventeenth century make are still in existence (Fig. 9). Dishes of the same kind figure in the genre paintings of the Dutch



10.—JAR FROM THE TRADESCANT COLLECTION.  
HEIGHT 13½ INS.



11.—VASE. PROBABLY CHIA CHING PERIOD. HEIGHT 19½ INS.  
• T. L. Shoosmith Collection.

artists in the early part of the seventeenth century; and their designs were closely copied on the faience of Delft at the same period. Interesting evidence of their presence in England, too, is provided by a fragment of a ewer such as Fig. 1, which was unearthed on the site of Old Basing House; and I have no doubt that a search in the china closets of our old country houses would reveal some complete specimens. They do, at any rate, find their way from time to time into the salerooms among the miscellaneous china which assembles there from various sources. Anyone who cares to pursue the study of Ming blue and white export wares will find excellent material in a small but instructive series collected by the Rev. J. Bloxam and deposited on loan in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Of the remaining illustrations Fig. 10 is a typical export specimen, specially interesting on account of its pedigree, which can be traced as far as the late Ming period. It is part of a collection formed by John Tradescant and given by his son to Elias Ashmole in 1659, and it is now preserved in the Ashmolean museum in Oxford. John Tradescant died in 1627, so it may fairly be assumed that this jar dates from the reign of Wan Li. It is painted in blue with a well known Ming design of fantastic lions among pæonies and formal scrolls; and on the shoulder are panels of flowers and trellis pattern between. For easy

carriage it has been encased with plaited cane, a practical addition often found on the porcelain used by natives of the East Indies. Beside it is a handsome vase (Fig. 11), with design of ladies in a garden, and a stork and cloud border, which may be as old as the reign of Chia Ching. Figs. 7 and 9 represent two blue and white bowls in the collection of Mr. R. E. Brandt. Both are of the thin metallic type of porcelain described above (cf. Fig. 1). The latter with deer in landscape has a North Italian mount of late sixteenth century date. The former with panels of flowers and a bird inside has a Dutch mount made probably in the early years of the seventeenth century. The design of the panels on this bowl shows that it belongs to the same family as the plate illustrated in Fig. 5. Finally, Fig. 2 illustrates an interesting piece in the Victoria and Albert Museum. In its original form it is one of those curious bottles which lent themselves so well for use as water pipes or hookah bowls. Here we see that it was converted into a ewer by a European silversmith in the latter part of the sixteenth century. The decoration, divided into panels containing kyilins and flowers with formalised tassel bands between, recalls in some respects the border of the dishes (Figs. 4 and 5), and in others the ornament on the Tradescant jar; and the blue is the dark and rather heavy tint typical of so many of the late Ming export wares.

## DAY

Dawn—and a setting star  
And a cock crowing;  
Noon with a stormy sky,  
The cattle lowing;  
Sunset and quiet dusk,  
The birds tired calling;  
Night—and a sleeping world  
And the dew falling.

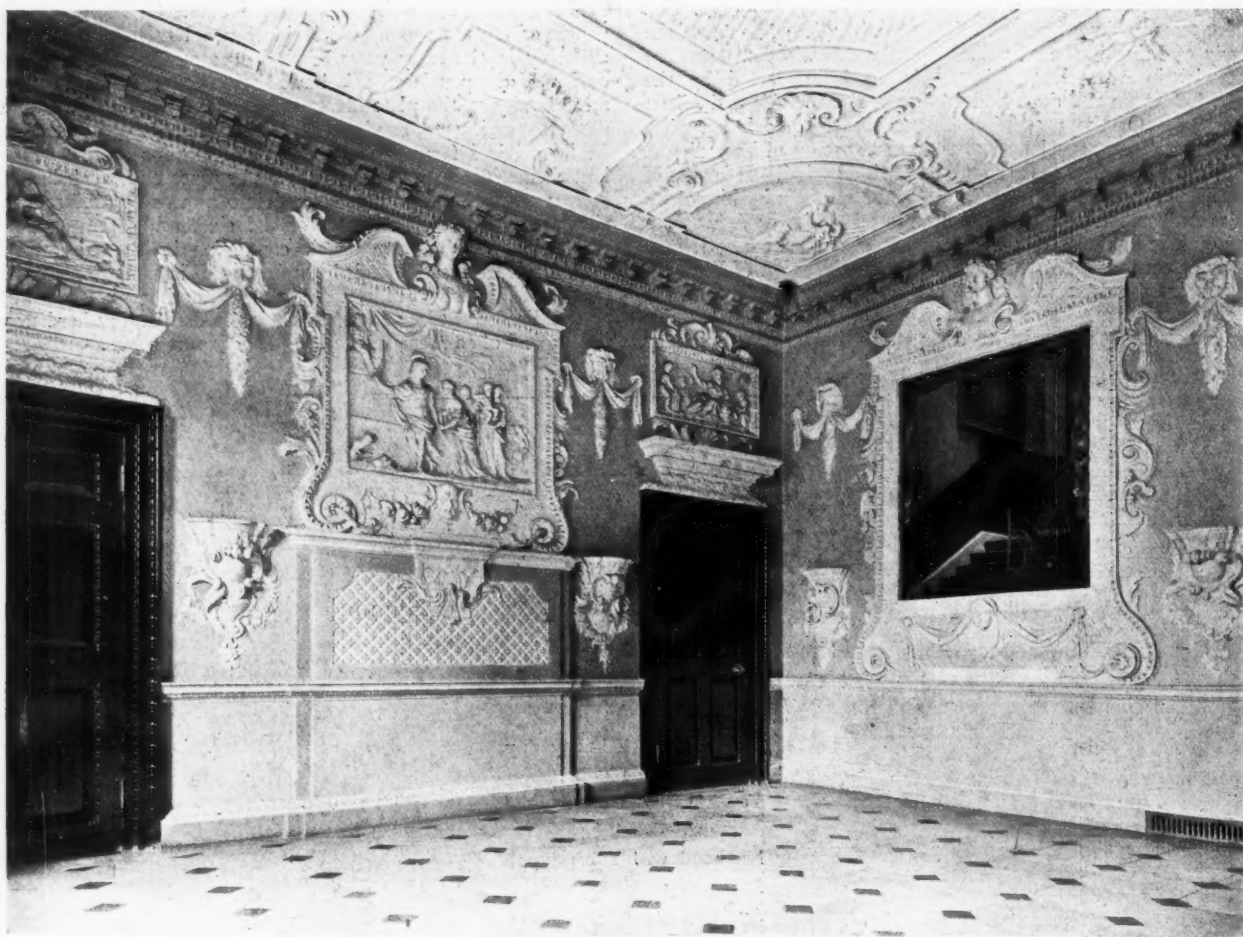
Childhood with happy days  
And peaceful nights;  
Youth with its bitter griefs  
And wild delights;  
Manhood with sober joys  
And sorrows deep;  
Age with its failing power  
And after—sleep.

MIRIAM SHILLITO.



THERE is probably no other house of its size where the Georgian work is so fine and complete as at Honington, and it would be interesting to know more of the circumstances of its introduction and of the character and career of the owner whose taste effected this outstanding result. Scarcely anything, however, appears to be known of Joseph Townshend. When his father, Edward Townshend of Highgate, died in 1710 Joseph was six years old, and when he was forty he married a daughter and co-heiress of John Gore, M.P. for Grimsby. As Buck's view of Honington, dated 1731, and reproduced last week, gives Joseph Townshend as the owner, but shows it without his alterations, we may conclude that he did not begin work there until some time after the property was acquired, and, perhaps, with a view to his marriage. If that is so, the style which we find at Honington was in its maturity when he introduced it there. It is the style of the Burlingtonian school, of Campbell at Mereworth, of Leoni at Moor Park, of Gibbs at Ditchley, of Smith at Stoneleigh, of Kent, Ripley, Flitcroft and others at Houghton and Wolterton, Wentworth Woodhouse and Holkham. There was then no towering professional personality in architecture—no Inigo Jones or Christopher Wren. The first and last words were spoken by the wealthy amateurs who had had their interest aroused and their brains trained during Italian sojourns. Chief among these were the Earls of Burlington

and Leicester, around whom the professionals fluttered and worked. But a knowledge of architecture and the allied arts was part and parcel of the equipment of the eighteenth century English nobleman and gentleman—it was an accomplishment of which polite society expected at least a conversational smattering in its members, some of whom really had studied Palladio's writings deeply either in the original Italian or in one of the English translations. In this group Joseph Townshend must assuredly be classed, for though we have no documentary evidence of his attainments and predilections, Honington could only have taken on the very finished and choice appearance it assumed under the direct guidance and inspiration of an accomplished owner, who could aptly choose and intelligently direct an efficient professional. Who that may have been we do not know, but there survives correspondence between Joseph Townshend and Sanderson Miller which shows a connection between the two men which may have been only slight, but, equally, may have been considerable and inclusive of the alterations to the house. Sanderson Miller we lately met at Belhus (COUNTRY LIFE, May 15th), where we chiefly saw him concerting "Gothic" alterations with its owner, Lord Dacre. He was also eager in the "improvement" of parks and pleasure grounds, and put up "ruined castles" for various of his friends and clients, such as at Wimpole for Lord Chancellor Hardwicke and at Hagley for Lord Lyttelton. Of advice on outdoor effects alone have we



Copyright.

1.—THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright.

2.—THE HALL CHIMNEYPIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



3.—THE STAIRCASE RISING TO THE FIRST FLOOR.



Copyright

4.—THE STAIRCASE HALL.

"C.L."

To the left is seen the entrance from the hall; to the right is the saloon doorway.

actual record at Honington. Lilian Dickens and Mary Stanton, in their excellent volume on Sanderson Miller, reproduce a sketch of the Stour flowing through its grounds. There is a Chinese pagoda-shaped summer-house on the east or house bank, a temple and a grotto opposite and a dam across the river forming a cascade flanked by great plinths on which recline classic figures. Much mossed over and worn, these remain to this day, and apparently represent a man in armour, his helmet at his feet, and a river goddess. A footbridge now crosses at this point, and the whole region is bowered and shadowed by willow and other trees, amid which some remains of the grotto are said still to exist, while statues emerge from out of tall grasses. There survive two letters from Joseph Townshend to Sanderson Miller referring to this work, which appears to have been carried out between 1755 and 1760, at which time the sketch alluded to was made, together with another one taken from the grotto side of the river and showing the house. Mrs. Stanton tells me it shows the south portico, but not the busts, which were removed from the centre of the south front to their present position on the west front to the right of the octagon. Nor is there any sign of the six-pillared loggia which now stands north of and at right angles to the house, as seen in one of last week's illustrations, but which is known to have been moved there in the nineteenth century from the terrace in front of the octagon, the plinths from which the columns rose still forming buttresses, between cellar gratings, supporting the raised terrace. It would seem, therefore, that the last exterior work done by Joseph Townshend was the setting up of the two displaced niches and busts on the west side and the erection of the temple-fronted loggia more or less up against the octagon, where it will have obscured and injured the proportions of the house elevation and darkened the room—a mistake which we should not have expected from a man who so clearly possessed a sensitive eye for architectural form and beauty. He was evidently not bitten by the Gothic fever which had begun to rage in the breasts of Sanderson Miller and his friends on the one side, and of the Strawberry Hill "committee," composed of Horace Walpole, Bentley and Chute, on the other—the two groups of workers in the same field showing considerable jealousy of each other. But their mediæval flirtations did not prevent their continuing much of their inherited love for the Palladian manner. Nothing can be more Italian than John Chute's hall and staircase at the Vyne, while after much thought and controversy the classic style was finally adopted for both the exterior and interior of Hagley, for which Miller furnished the final plans, although Chute had prepared others for his cousin, Lord Lyttelton. That house is altogether on a larger and more sumptuous scale than Honington, but the character of the two interiors is sufficiently alike to make it possible that Miller had some hand in the latter as well as in the former; which was by no means approved by Horace Walpole, who, on seeing the plan of the hall, declared it "Stolen from Houghton and mangled frightfully." If the Hagley hall as carried out was according to this plan it is hard to discover where Walpole saw evidence of either theft or mangling. There is more likeness to Mereworth, to Ditchley or to the two fine Godmersham rooms illustrated a fortnight ago, and there is close similarity to the work in the Honington hall (Fig. 5), although the drapery swags emerging from lions' mouths is nearer to the Houghton model than anything in the Hagley hall. Joseph Townshend will have given a complete re-dressing to his hall as it shows no trace of the Parker period, unless it be the floor, where the white stone flagging with black marble squares at the corners is as typical of the closing years of the seventeenth century as of the reign of George II, when, as we saw, Thomas May used the same for his Godmersham hall. There we found a classic bas-relief in sculptured stone over the chimney-piece, while at Honington the same mode of wall decoration was adopted, but in plaster. There are six such panels; at each end a large one,





Copyright.

5.—THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

6.—THE OAK ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright.

7.—AN EAST WINDOW OF THE OAK ROOM.  
To the left is the door into the hall.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—THE OAK ROOM CHIMNEYPIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and four small ones as overdoors. Stoneleigh is another Warwickshire house presenting this feature, but there is seldom such very elaborate framing as at Honington, the nearest to it being, perhaps, in the drawing-room at Easton Neston in Northamptonshire, built by Hawksmore, in the "Whistle

the staircase hall. The latter is made out of part of what probably was, in the Parker time, a room of the same length as the hall, but was abolished when Townshend built his octagon saloon. Lying between this and the hall, the staircase hall could receive no downstairs light except from the hall, and



Copyright

9.—THE GREAT DOORWAY OF THE OAK ROOM.

It opens into the boudoir.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

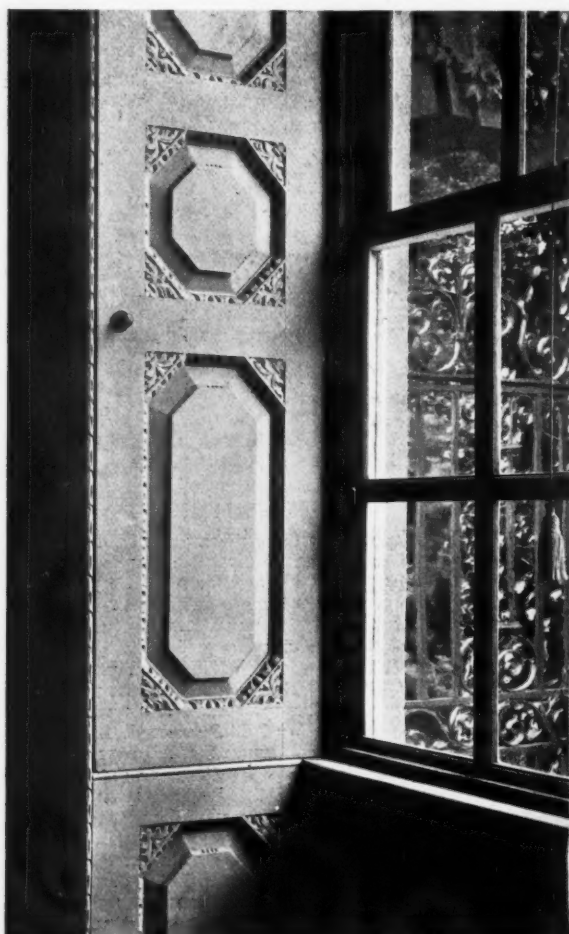
Jacket" room in the portion of Wentworth Woodhouse built by Flitcroft, and in the Godmersham drawing-room. The largest of the frames at Honington are not those occupying the centres of the end walls, but are set on the back wall (Fig. 1), opposite the entrance and flanking the doorway into

it is light-giving apertures that the great plaster frames surround. The hall chimneypiece (Fig. 2) is of three materials. The fire arch and its flanking consoled pilasters are of stone, the frieze and cornice of wood, and the carved panel of boys in the centre of the frieze of statuary marble. The busts of Flora—if the

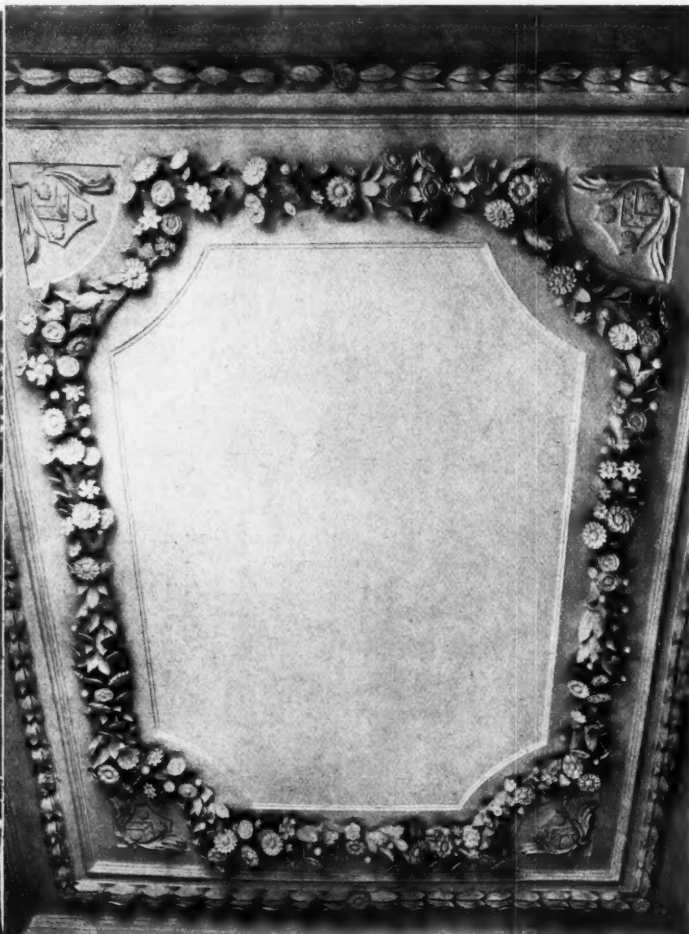


flower-decked female head may thus be called—that top the broken pediments of the large frames rise up into the lower members of the cornice, which, above that, stretches forward with a flower in the soffit spaces between the modillions. The ceiling is a large scheme of scrolls and panels enclosing bas-relief figures and other *motifs*. There is less reserve at Honington than at Godmersham. There the style is the baroque of the earlier masters. At Honington the baroque is passing into the rococo, which is fully developed in the brackets, meant to hold busts or Oriental vases, set below the lion swags on three sides of the room. Throughout the reign of George II there was a longing to revolt from the limitations and austerity of Vitruvian rule. Such revolt had long before produced baroque excesses in Italy, but neither Inigo Jones nor his early eighteenth century admirers had permitted this to go far in England. Before the middle of the century was reached, however, the growing desire for variety and change led to a large use of "inventions" superficially derived from former times and distant lands, so that plaster and wood workers, as well as furniture designers, were apt to riot in *motifs* they called Gothic and Chinese, and even Arabic and Egyptian. Something of this feverishness—on to

white veined marble much sculptured, with insets of other marbles, such as the central panel of that which was used and treasured at Houghton as "black and gold." From the hall opens a door with egg and tongue panel mouldings and a much enriched head. Near it (Fig. 7) is seen a similar treatment of a window frame, and a special detail (Fig. 10) shows the fine design and crisp execution of this work on one of the shutters. Between the east windows Townshend placed one of the beautiful gilded mirror frames that he had made, with his cypher in a little convex panel at the base and his arms impaling those of his wife, the Gore heiress, in a cartouche that occupies the centre of the broken pediment. But it was on the central doorway of the west end—giving into the boudoir—that he lavished his chief care (Fig. 9). It is much like those in the Godmersham hall, except that, as was stated in describing those, it has figures reclining on the pediment as at Ditchley, Houghton and Moor Park. The half pilasters and sections of entablature that flank the main engaged columns give it great presence, but so far trespass over the mouldings of the wainscoting as to make it just possible that it was Joseph Townshend himself who reversed this and introduced one of the papers which, in his later



Copyright. 10.—AN OAK ROOM SHUTTER.



11.—BEDROOM CEILING.

"C.L."

which Robert Adam was to pour a cold douche of renewed severity—is seen in the Honington hall, which Townshend completely redecorated, but less in the oak room (Fig. 6) lying west of it, where the oak wainscoting smacks of the days of William III and Hampton Court. It offers a fine example of the great outstanding panels, the bolection mouldings of the main or middle tier having carved members. Probably Joseph Townshend found this and left it untouched. But in that case it did not please his son, who lived when wainscoting was disliked and wallpapers found excessive favour. To paste paper on canvas stretched over the heavily moulded panels would have brought it too far forward to suit the cornice and architraves, and, therefore, the whole was taken down and reversed, so that the canvas might sit flat and tight against the level back. It was only comparatively recently that work connected with the introduction of electric light revealed what had been done, brought to light the existence of the finely wrought front and led to its replacement with the admirable result which the illustrations show. But if Joseph Townshend was satisfied with his predecessor's wall linings, he renewed in richer fashion the main features of the room. The chimneypiece (Fig. 8) is of

years, and especially the kind from China, were displacing panelling. The temple front of the doorway rises sufficiently high to admit of a charming panel above the door of a medallion head (is it Joseph Townshend himself?) enclosed in a wreath and supported by winged and woman-headed classic beasts.

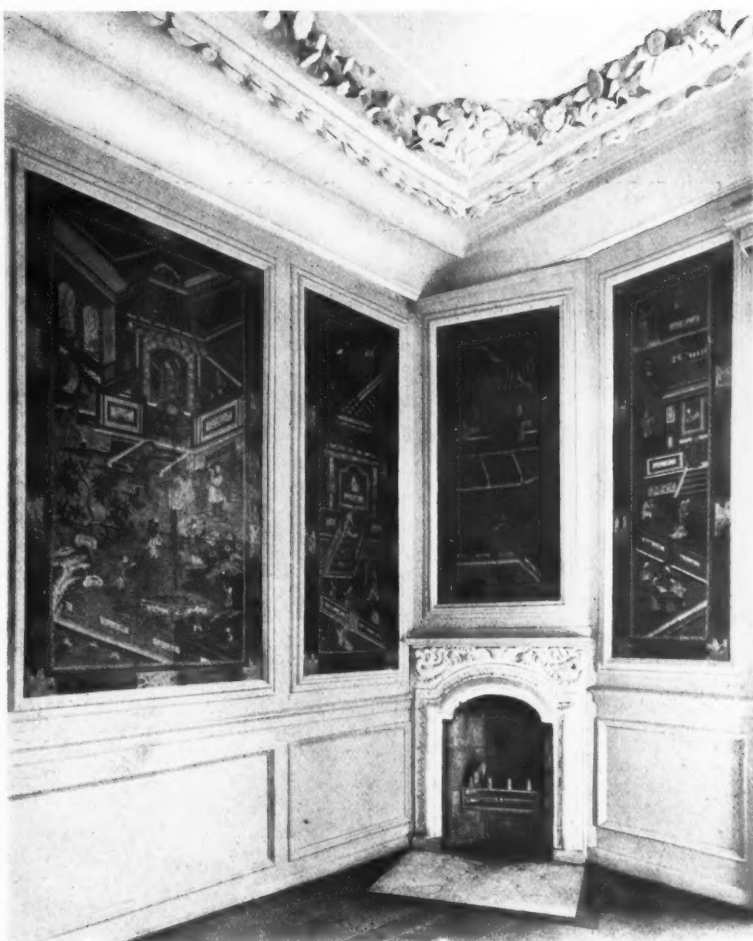
Passing back through the hall to the staircase we enjoy the pillared vestibule out of which it rises (Fig. 4). To the left is seen the entrance from the hall, while to the right is the doorway to the saloon, description of which is reserved to next week. In the centre rise pillars supporting round arches with enriched soffit panels. Garlands and drops of fruit and flower fill the space between arches and ceiling, the latter being a charming low relief example of rococo work soberly designed. The oak staircase (Fig. 3) has a wrought-iron scroll balustrading rising from the treads, of which the ends are supported by scrolled consoles. The ironwork shows no signs of the elaboration of Tijou's Chatsworth staircase or that by his follower, Bakewell, at Okeover. But, if simple and a little thin, it is sufficient in line and proportion with its central leafage to the S curves, and a pleasant break occurs on the landing, where there is a



central panel of the Townshend cypher. From the landing a whole series of pleasant bedrooms open, but only one has any salient decorative features, and these principally of the Parker time. It lies over part of the dining-room, and is only about fourteen feet long and eleven feet wide. But it is full of interest. The ceiling (Fig. 11) is of that early Charles II kind where the plaster leaves and flowers are given projection by being set on wires, as at Tredegar House in Monmouthshire and at Sir John Shaw's house at Eltham. The ceilings that mark the subsequent Wren age are wholly modelled in plaster. Although the ceiling has every appearance of dating from the first half of Charles II's reign—we have seen that Sir Henry Parker may have built soon after his father's death in 1670—yet at the corners we find the Townshend arms. This by no means implies that Joseph Townshend is responsible for the whole ceiling. He set up his cypher and arms freely at Honington, as, for instance, over the entrance door, where it has been suggested already that he displaced the Parker cartouche now hanging up in the church. He will have acted in like manner towards the ceiling. And these arms are of value as showing us from what stock this purchaser of Honington sprang. The arms are the same as those borne by Chief Justice Townshend of Rainham in the days of Henry VIII and by his descendant, the present marquess. A cadet was justiciar of Wales under James I, and we have met him as father of an owner of Countess of Shropshire (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. XLIII, page 488). This cadet branch as well as the parent stock at Rainham are assigned a chevron ermine between three escallops azure as arms in Burke's "Armoury," where Townshend of Honington has a cross crosslet fitchée within two amulets added to the chevron as a difference. This difference nowhere appears on Joseph Townshend's work, who adopted—presumably with the leave of the College of Heralds—the paternal Townsend coat. In any case, it is clear that there was an established claim to relationship, although no such descent is attempted in the account of the family in Burke's "Landed Gentry." There we are taken no further back than Edward Townshend of Highgate, the father of Joseph Townshend, who is described as "of Winchester Street, London," whence we judge father and son to have been wealthy City merchants, of whom the younger was in a position to buy a large estate and, as Burke tells us, to sit in Parliament and be "an officer in the army."

Descending from the ceiling to the walls (Fig. 12) of the little bedroom, we find wainscoting of the same type as that in the oak room, but of pinewood painted. It answers perfectly to the Parker date, and if so, the Chinese work in the panels must have been obtained by Sir Henry Parker, as the wainscoting is exactly arranged to frame it. During the last quarter of the seventeenth century, as we know from John Evelyn and Celia Fiennes, it was usual to use what they termed "Japan skreens" as fitted wall decoration. These were lacquer panels, but the Honington examples have the singularity of being painted on leather. The chimneypiece (Fig. 13) is the third feature of interest in this room. It has the bolection moulding to the fire arch habitual during the Late Stuart period, but it is unusual to find one so small and with an arched top. It is of stone elaborately carved. Acanthus leaf and other motifs enrich the mouldings, while the space above the arch is filled charmingly by a winged boy's head from which extends scrollwork terminating in the mouths of birds probably intended to represent eagles. Every ornament on this chimneypiece is a rendering in stone by a skilful but not exceptional hand of motifs habitually used by Grinling Gibbons in wood.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



12.—THE LITTLE SOUTH BEDROOM.  
The panels are painted with Chinese scenes on leather.



Copyright.

13.—DETAIL OF BEDROOM CHIMNEYPIECE.

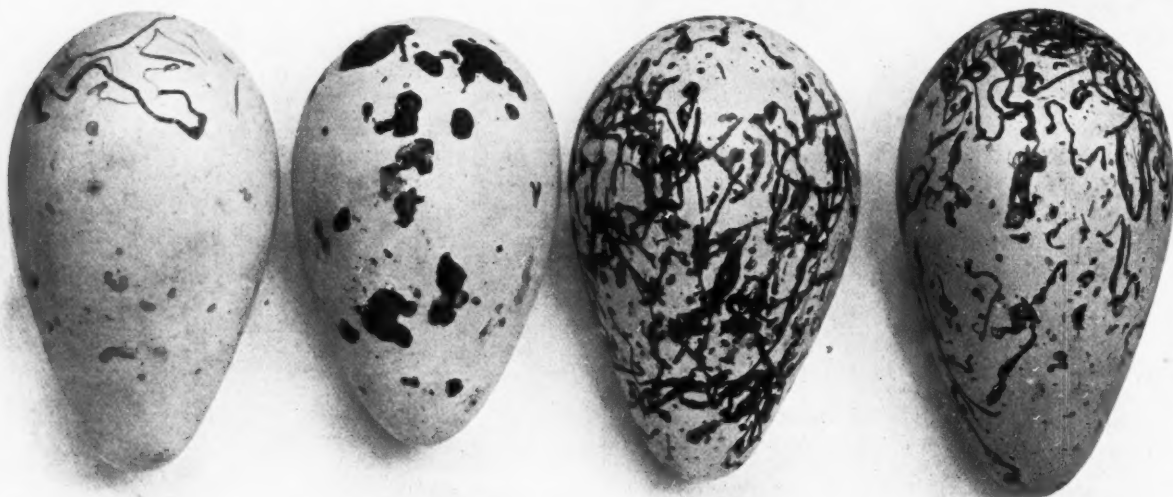
"C.L."

## MORE NOTES ON THE COLOUR OF EGGS.—II

PATTERNED AND COLOURED EGGS, SHOWING A HIGH DEGREE OF PROTECTIVE RESEMBLANCE TO SURROUNDINGS.

BY THE MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE

[With the exception of the first illustration, in which the eggs have been slightly reduced, the specimens are reproduced full size.—Ed.]



COMMON GUILLEMOT.

Extreme variation is found where the birds (guillemots, razorbills, great auk) build in colonies, but are not very subject to attack from enemies.

I HAVE in a previous article dwelt on the fact that we can in many cases see clearly why natural selection has added pigment to the primitive white egg, eventually producing patterns which make the egg so like to its surroundings that, as in the case of the ringed plover, they must surely deceive the very stones themselves among which they are laid. The why is evident enough, but the how remains for future biologists to reveal. We can see that the bird is greatly to be profited by it—the internal economy, the painting machinery by which the pigment is first produced and then applied by different birds in different hues and patterns is, thus far, unknown. When we have learned that the pigments are believed to be of the nature of hæmoglobin (the colouring of blood), of biliverdin (the colouring of bile) or certain blues which have been analysed out of fæces, we are little further on. The paints in a paintbox tell us nothing about the picture nor the technical processes by which the R.A. has “laid them on.” We must wait. It may be known some day. It is delightful meanwhile to be ignorant and not ashamed. We gently replace the book with the illuminating statements about hæmoglobin and biliverdin, and turn with delight to see what the black-headed gull, the black-backed gull, the grey-backed shrike, the snipe, the redshank, the grouse and a score of others, most often gulls, terns, waders, marsh birds, can accomplish, we not pretending to know how they accomplish it, but lost in wonder at the beauty first of the mere eggs themselves and then of the methods by which they are concealed from the rapid casual passer-by. I have found it convenient to

divide the eggs into types as follows, giving an example or two of each in the illustrations:

- (1) Extreme variation of colour and pattern (guillemots).
- (2) Great variation with general resemblance (black-headed gulls).
- (3) Great variations of pattern, not of colour (sparrowhawk).
- (4) Close similarity without identity (red grouse and redshank).
- (5) Practical identity (whole coloured eggs—house-martin, partridge and hedge-sparrow).
- (6) and (7) Disparity of eggs in birds of equal bulk (curlew and common crow, whimbrel and rook).

It is not to be supposed that anything like an understanding of the subject can be got by mere reference to one or two examples such as one can find space for. The thing becomes convincing only when a good many hundreds have passed under one's eyes—conviction, however, always troubled with perplexities. That is just where the charm comes in. But conviction certainly there will be that the developments which have resulted in the

beautiful protective resemblances of birds' eggs have been brought about through the slow but sure action of natural selection prolonged through thousands of years. The matter may be stated thus. A bird, say the peewit, lays four eggs, and the nature of the treeless feeding grounds and other causes lead it to nest on the open ground, where, obviously, unconcealed eggs would be a danger to it and its species. Any clutch of very



BLACK-HEADED GULL.

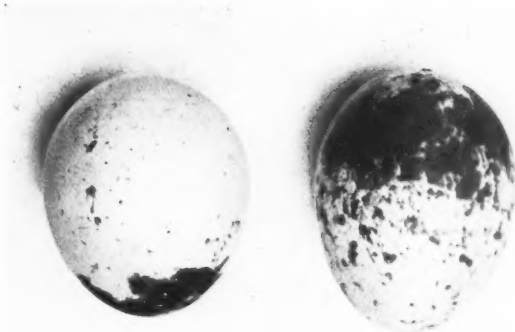
Great variation, but with general protective resemblance to surroundings, is found where the birds nest close together and also are subject to attack (black-headed gulls, etc. The occasional colourless variety is probably due to some physical cause, as with the rough-legged buzzard).

conspicuous eggs that a peewit might lay would be those which would first fall a prey to the hoodie, the common crow, the jackdaw—the “Furies of the Marsh”—whereas a neighbouring clutch, less conspicuous, might escape. And this happening over and over again eventually causes all the layers of conspicuous clutches to die out, leaving no progeny. And so, process by process, year by year, century by century, the shaping goes forward till natural selection has done her work and established a well protected type of peewit's egg. Let me illustrate the action of natural selection—not, however, this time in reference to colour and pattern of eggs—by an incident which happened to myself. Driving over the roughest of the Surrey commons in a little pony cart which could go anywhere and do anything except climb a tree, to my surprise I saw thirty yards or so to the left a peewit on its nest. I should not have thought such a thing possible. The bird did not run some distance from its nest before rising, as peewits usually do. It rose at once and was soon away at its antics. Handing the reins to my wife, I made a bee-line for the eggs, which I easily found. For once the peewit had fallen from grace. Now, if I had been an egg-collector or a raider, it is evident that the clutch would have been a forfeit, and the four eggs, children of an incompetent parent and probably inheriting its incompetence, would have failed to reproduce their sort.

It has been by the constant elimination of the incompetent that the peewit has developed its present wonderful average of cunning, while its eggs at the same time have been reaching their high average of protective resemblance. But here one must again impress the fact that no claim whatever can rightly be made that any degree of protective resemblance, however perfect, gives complete protection or immunity. Not even the stick insect or the leaf insect or the leaf butterfly has that. They are given away the moment they move a muscle. And, indeed, it stands to reason that if any considerable number of species were to arrive at perfect immunity from enemy attacks, a large number of other species which feed on them would shortly perish for lack of a food supply, or else have to adopt new habits—that is to say, take to eating somebody else. The most that is claimed for protective resemblance is that it enables a small number more to survive than would have done so without it. If only one per cent. escapes by its aid it has done a great thing. Nor must it be forgotten that as protective resemblance improves for any species so, too, does the acuteness and perspicacity of the enemy which feeds on it. “Protection” is one of Nature's very useful machineries, but it is only one of many on either side of the case: and we must never forget that one of the machineries by which Nature works is perpetual destruction. Let me for a moment turn aside to another kind of animal. Statisticians—I always wonder how they arrive at their wonderful statistics, but let that pass—assure us that only about one out of 10,000 herring eggs becomes a herring, and out of the survivors only about one in 10,000 grows big. They further assure us that, if all the eggs and all the herrings grew up, the narrow seas would be so densely packed as to become impassable, and all other forms of fish life would become impossible. When I learn this I feel grateful—what a lot of gratitude there is about if one looks for it—that anything like “protection” for the herring is such a hopeless failure. I cannot contemplate the having to walk from Dover to Calais on the backs of herrings—especially without the breakfast sole at the end—without appreciating Nature's consideration in the matter.

The lesson, of course, from the “protected,” coloured and patterned eggs in Group No. 3 does not quite end with the question of protection only through resemblance. There is the further probability that the great variations which are found in these highly developed cases are useful to the parent birds as recognition marks. As it has been said earlier, you cannot find two eggs exactly alike in any variety which has markings. There is always something, even with such apparently similar eggs as those of the red grouse, which would certainly enable a parent bird, to which an egg is everything in life for the time being, to distinguish them. But there are some birds whose eggs present an astounding degree of variation, though with a general resemblance. After the guillemot, already dealt with, the most notable is the black-headed gull, whose eggs, often very beautiful, vary from almost white to pale greens, dark greens, pale browns, dark olives, splashed, spotted, blotched with reds and browns and bluish blacks. The black-backed gull, the Arctic tern, the kittiwake, and several others are not much less varied. Now, it is noticeable that nearly all the birds in which the variation is most marked are birds which nest closely together in colonies (as the black-headed gulleries at Scoulton Mere and near Wooler). And the inference is hard to resist that the character resulting from the united distinctiveness of these variations may afford most useful recognition marks, and so prevent mistakes which would result in the chilling and loss of clutches. Even within the clutch itself the markings may be useful—though I put the suggestion forth with diffidence. Most birds have the habit of turning their eggs in the nest from time to time, probably in order (though they may not be conscious of it) that the egg may get its share of warmth on every side.

The mother, which knows her eggs by heart, might find the markings an aid to memory. It should be possible for some devoted naturalist, by a series of patient experiments and by



SPARROWHAWK.

Great variation with little protective resemblance.

marking birds in a gullery or in a guillemot colony, and by transposing clutches of eggs, to find out how far the birds are guided by recognition marks in the eggs and how far by locality and by the position in the rank.

And now to sum up. Any attempt to assess the exact value in the struggle for life to this or that example of protection or of its absence breaks down in the presence of a great bird population where under all sorts and manners of condition white eggs and whole coloured eggs and marvellously blotched thrive side by side and are each and all sufficient for their purpose. I can think of one such district. It is in East Anglia, comprising a bit of woodland and heath, a marsh with many watercourses, a sea beach, a river estuary. It has a wondrous fauna, chiefly of birds, to be sure. But up in the wood in the higher ground above the marsh reigns a lord of creation in a cottage among the



CURLEW AND HOODED CROW.



WHIMBREL AND ROOK.

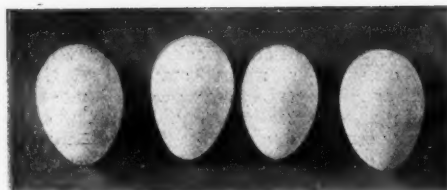
Disparity of size in birds of equal (approximate) bulk, as curlew, hooded crow, whimbrel, rook. Observe, the large egg in these two (and other) cases belongs to a bird whose young are hatched in down, ready to walk and find their own food. The smaller eggs are of birds which are hatched callow and fed by parents for some weeks before they are fledged.



pinces—a gamekeeper, a decent fine specimen, who tries to earn his wages by destroying the balance of Nature in slaying every crow, magpie or jay, hawk or owl, though in slaying these last two he destroys perhaps the best helpers he could find in keeping down the rats, by far the worst enemies of his master's young pheasants and eggs. He slays, too, mercilessly, every stoat and weasel, though these also take a far greater toll of rats than of anything else, even of rabbits. And one old she-rat with young will destroy more young pheasants in a week than an owl in a year. But there it is. Between the patches of wood are dry stretches of sandy soil with clumps of heather and bracken. You will find here, perhaps, a partridge sitting on its clutch of sand-coloured eggs quite close to the vague footpath, and wheatears will run into their holes at your approach to see to their pretty blue eggs.

Up in the corner a nightjar nests, but you will be lucky if you hit upon its two beautiful greyish white eggs with their tasteful grey mottlings. As for the wood itself, you will, of course, hear the pheasant crow in it, also happy about its bigger sand-brown eggs. It is peopled by nightingales, accentors, wood-warblers, flycatchers, garden-warblers, and tits, and the ubiquitous harsh-voiced wren, all building after their special tastes. And in the watercourse at the back of the wood a kingfisher is quite unconcerned for the safety of its pure white store in its tunnel.

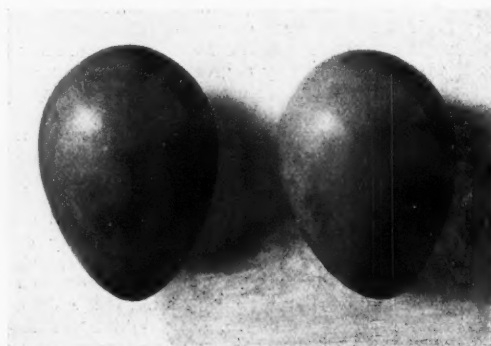
The wood slopes down to the marsh, from which it is again divided by water channels. You pass into it by a gate over a culvert, to find the house-martins busily collecting mud for repair of their nests under the eaves of the cottages wherein their white eggs lie secure from view. As you tramp across the field you will flush a snipe from its bonny nest, though you may not see it, and next moment you will hear it two hundred yards off in the sky, making its strange bleatings and drummings in its angular descents. And you may, by good luck, happen to stumble on a redshank's nest with its four conical eggs, as pear-shaped as a guillemot's, in their earthy cup. Anyhow, before you have gone far the air will be full of redshanks screaming wildly. And as you approach the shallow mere in the marsh the coots and the moorhens will slink silently into the sedges where their platform nests are hidden—shelter which they share with the grebe and the dabchick of the weed-covered white eggs. You will rouse a heron or two who will flap slowly and lazily towards the north. One always calls their flight slow and flapping; but, as a matter of fact, I have frequently timed them to make 120 strokes a minute and often much more. And in less than six minutes they will be back to their blue eggs at the top of the pine trees in the heronry four miles away. The ducks will begin to rise in numbers. The wild duck will slip



SAND MARTIN.



HEDGE-SPARROW.



PARTRIDGE.

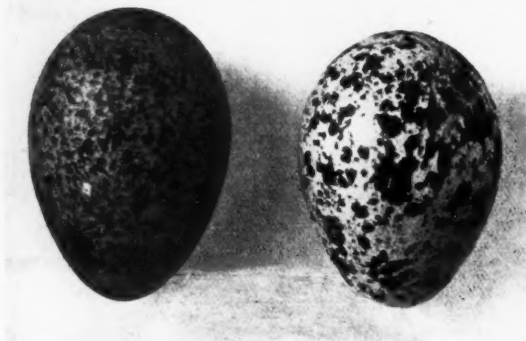
Practical identity is found only in birds which lay whole coloured or white eggs (hedge sparrow, redstart, starling, wheatear, brown owl and others, woodpeckers, etc.). Birds which lay in holes, cracks, clefts, etc., commonly lay white eggs. This is not equally true of those which lay in domed nests (as magpies, sparrows). The wren lays almost white eggs with red spots.

off its nest, having just covered its greenish eggs with down. It is not certain if it does this for concealment or for warmth. The grebes, which cover their once white eggs in the edge of the sedges yonder with wet weeds, can hardly do it for warmth. A gaudy sheldrake—shy bird, because he knows how people stare—is off to tell his wife at the bottom of her burrow what a narrow escape he had. The air is now one wild scene of circling birds.

You walk round the mere to where it narrows to a watercourse, crossing the latter by a plank. You have put up countless birds from nests, but you have seen probably no eggs. You soon are at the fringe of the beach, where a little collected sand begins to harbour scant herbage, with a few fleshy yellow poppies and some lovely sea thistles, and probably you go crashing within a foot or two of two ringed plover's eggs. You have not noticed them. You thought they were stones. But the birds, now forty yards away, are assuring everybody—the pretty little liars—that their eggs lie exactly under where they are wheeling. You are not taken in, and you go scrunching up the shingle to the top of the sea bank, and find yourself looking out over the grey East Anglian sea. It is low tide and the surf is coming in over a broad expanse of muddy sand which is white with gulls. There are some black-heads, for Scoulton Broad is no far cry, and there are other gulls which nest further south on a broad spit of shingle much beloved by them; and at times a black-back or two, but not many. They are up as you advance, wheeling, shrieking, swearing. They proclaim you as a nuisance, and you know it. You may, before you turn back, perhaps have the luck to see just outside the surf a black mass almost like the back of a huge fish. They are guillemots. They rise and fly, still in a mass, with short strokes a few feet above the sea. They head for the north, for they have to get to Flamborough Head, the nearest nesting place, a good hundred miles away.

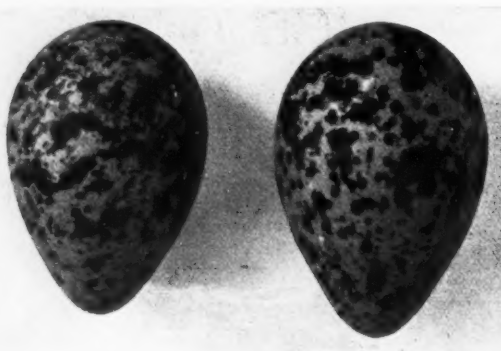
You turn and walk back over beach and marshland, the same incidents repeating themselves; but as your figure grows less along the marshway—for you are going home to tea and a hen's egg—the hubbub subsides, the birds settle down again. On the whole, they have not had a bad day. You have done them no harm. You have taken no eggs. They have greatly enjoyed—one is sure of that—the exercise of the various faculties given to them to delude you with. Each individual bird reckons that it has been to it a day of victory. And now in Birdland it is Peace.

G. S. DAVIES.



RED GROUSE.

Similarity without identity is found in all birds which lay coloured or spotted eggs. It is probably of some help to the parent birds. No two eggs of this class are ever absolutely identical (red grouse, rhyper, snipe, sparrow, blackbird, etc.).



REDSHANK.

Close resemblance with difference. Much as upper illustration.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## RIDER'S STRAIN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With the opening of the hunting season there will be, as usual, many victims of the painful and disabling injury known as rider's strain or sprain. It is a condition in which the adductor muscles of the thigh are strained or torn, or both, with consequent pain, stiffness, contractions and adhesions. Limitation of movement and lameness follow, with loss of grip—the power of bringing the knees strongly together. A similar condition of sprain sometimes results from skating, wrestling, and climbing a rope. In equestrians it occurs, almost without exception, only in those who ride astride, so the sufferers are mostly males; and for some reason for which there seems no anatomical or physiological cause, the injured limb is generally the left, much more rarely the right. It would be interesting to know whether experienced horsemen can throw any light on the reason for this left-sided seat of injury. The main muscles concerned, the adductors, are five in number, any one or all of which may be involved, but the trouble is usually centred in the magnus or the longus, the two most important of the group, some fibres of which are strained or actually torn through, high up near the attachment of the muscle to the bone—the pelvis. There are varieties and degrees of strain. The novice suffers, of course, because of his awkwardness and because his riding group of muscles are unaccustomed and unequal to the new work thrust upon them. In the accomplished horseman the condition is often induced when, after being out of the saddle for some time (especially if after illness), he begins riding hard and often without giving his muscles time to accommodate themselves to the renewed activity and stress. These are strains of lesser degree. The most frequent form of sprain, and the most painful and disabling, whether in the novice or the experienced rider, results from the sudden and severe contraction of all the adductor muscles in a moment of danger—a fall or a last-moment refusal at a fence—and the rider grips his hardest with his knees (an almost involuntary spasm), something goes crack, there is a sharp and sickening pain in the thigh, all power of grip is instantly lost, and the chances are that the horseman is unsaddled. As to treatment, which must be early if the limb is ever to be really sound again, the application of hot water as soon as possible, and often, is helpful and comforting, but this alone will not prevent contractions with subsequent adhesions in the muscle and surrounding tissues. Easily the best treatment is medical electricity. In France, in 1915, an officer known to the writer, who had the misfortune to get rider's strain, was sent as a stretcher case to the nearest hospital, and thence to Boulogne and Havre and home to England. He had suffered previously from a similar strain in the hunting field, and he now protested at every stage of the journey that he would be all right in a few days if he could get the proper electrical treatment, but he was told that he must "go sick through the usual channels" (which sounds dreadfully like *mal-de-mer*), and although he was perfectly fit except for the leg, it was three months before he returned to duty. Incidentally he incurred the displeasure of his commanding officer quite undeservedly. Cure by skilful electrical treatment is speedy and sure, and some of the best known polo players in the kingdom have been in the saddle again after severe strain within a couple of days as the result of its application.—T. N. DARLING, M.D.

## "AN AUSTRALIAN PET FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In his letter in your last week's issue, "B" is hardly correct when he says that the "koala" or native bear, which was presented

to the Prince of Wales in Australia, "did not survive the voyage home," as the animal in question was never taken away from its home in Queensland. It was presented to the Prince in Brisbane, but as it is a well known fact that no native bear could possibly have survived the seven weeks' voyage home through the Tropics and the subsequent sudden change to an English October (even had it been feasible to provide a constant supply of fresh gum leaves), His Royal Highness only kept it a day. It was then returned to its original owner, the Prince explaining that it would hardly be fair for him to accept the animal when there was no chance whatever of its reaching England alive.—RENEW.

## A SCENE FROM SIENA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope you may care for this picture from Siena. Imagine to yourself a great fan-shaped piazza, sloping upwards considerably from the one flat side. The ancient pavement is truly ribbed like a fan and the whole surrounded by palaces of grey stone and marble,



A MOUNTAIN OF TIN CANS IN SIENA.

which have looked down on this centre of the life of the City of Siena through upwards of six centuries. Here is the great Palazzo Pubblico, with its soaring tower of pink brick, crowned with marble. Here the famous horse-race, the "Palio," has been run yearly, in July and in August, since the thirteenth century. Now in the twentieth century the old Piazza sleeps peacefully between these periodic awakenings to life and noise and jollity; only a few shops on the ground floors of palaces show the times we live in. The salesman whom I caught moving mountains of tin cans woke the echoes with his clatter and scared away the dignified little bowing pigeons. One must use cheap tins, even in Siena, and as you see by the quantity borne in one hand by the shopkeeper, they were very light, and should be very cheap! —WALTER J. CLUTTERBUCK.

## THE COLOUR OF EGGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the very interesting article on the colours of birds' eggs, the Master of Charterhouse states: "I do not know of any theory which does not break down before the blue of the hedge-sparrow's egg." May I draw his attention to the theory of Dr. Edridge Green, the greatest living authority on colour-blindness, in case it has escaped him? It is true that, to

our eyes, these blue eggs in an open nest are very conspicuous, but the sense of sight of the enemies of the hedge-sparrow may be very different from ours. Dr. Edridge Green himself has recently proved that dogs are colour-blind. Now, is it not possible, or even likely, that the sight of snakes, rats or weasels is more akin to the dog's than to man's? If so, if these and other enemies are colour-blind, or even partly so, these eggs, blue to us, would appear to them as a shade of drab against the drab interior of the nest, and would therefore be effectively protected.—H. GREENHOUGH SMITH.

## AFFORESTATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It seems strange that amid all this talk on the part of the Government of finding work for the unemployed in the way of house building and the making of arterial roadways one can find no allusion to the subject of afforestation. It is true that the urgency in the case of the latter is not so great as that of the former, but everything points to the probability that work will be needed for greater numbers than can be employed on houses and roads, especially in view of the obstruction caused by trade unionism. We have at any rate been promised over and over again that the matter of afforestation would have the Government's early attention, and yet nothing seems to be done even when the most favourable opportunity arises. The same objection cannot stand in its way in this case, since tree planting as a trade has not yet attained to the distinction of a recognised union. Very little training is needed, and as the time for planting is at hand, it is to be hoped that some steps will at once be made to set the much needed work going. There is scope for the employment of hundreds of thousands of men, but without preparations for their local housing having been made during the last two years, for which Army huts might have been utilised, as previously suggested, there will be difficulties in putting on more than a limited supply of labour right away.—S. O'DWYER.

## "HOT WATER PLATES."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Landfear Lucas' question in your Correspondence Columns of the 13th inst., hot-water plates (like Crown Derby) were eighteenth century introductions, and were made in large quantities by pewterers all over the country. They still are made. I fear that the plate he refers to must be assigned to a much later reign than Charles I, and that the marks thereon are the maker's trade marks, and not stamped by the Pewterers' Company but by the pewterer under the Company's supervision. The explanation of the marks impressed on this piece, which are well known, would scarcely convince a pewter collector any more than the suggestion that Crown Derby was in use in the seventeenth century.—WALTER CHURCHER.

## PIED WAGTAILS FLOCKING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Referring to the correspondence on this subject in COUNTRY LIFE last autumn, I saw a flock containing at least a hundred pied wagtails on the Tay about a mile above Perth during the last week of September this year. They spent most of their time on the shingle beds at the river edge, and on the sandy banks, where they were busy catching flies. Many of them were young birds with a faint tinge of yellow on their cheeks. I kept a sharp look-out for white wagtails among the flock, but did not succeed in identifying any bird with the grey rump which distinguishes the white variety at all seasons.—ERNEST BLAKE.



## WHERE DO FISH COME FROM?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On looking in an iron trough which had been placed in a field for cattle and had not been used for some months, I was amazed to find perfectly formed fish of a silvery colour and the size of large minnows swimming in it. When the trough was first put there it was filled by means of buckets from a neighbouring pond, in turn filled by surface water from the road. This pond is two miles from the nearest river, and on at least one occasion within the last three years has been completely dried up in the summer months. What water there is in the tank is rain-water, as also is the water in the pond. It seems a parallel case to what occurs in certain places in the plains of India. In summer they are used as racecourses, but when the rains come and inundate them large fish have been observed within a few days of their being under water. Doubtless there is a perfectly simple explanation, but to everyone to whom I have mentioned it has remained a mystery.—L. F. EASTERBROOK.

## SALMON AND SEA-TROUT FLIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Many fly-makers pay very insufficient attention to the balance and appearance of their flies when below the surface of the water. I suggest that all salmon and sea-trout flies should be tested in a glass-sided tank with a stream of water flowing through it. Any defects, such as a side tilt, or excess of hackling, would then be seen at once. Sea-trout flies often prove very inefficient when fished, although they may have looked nice enough in the shop. The sea trout is an inveterate short riser, especially in low, clear water. For the small flies, long shanked hooks, very fine in the wire, are a help towards defeating these shy fellows. Weight can be given by a tiny strip of lead along the lower side of the body; this will ensure the fly going under at once. Peal will often rise to a small fly on fine gut about midday, even when the water is at its lowest and clearest. A small red palmer or red upright are likely flies, and even a small blue upright will occasionally take a fish. Sometimes one particular pattern proves especially effective, and there is no doubt this is because through some quality in the dressing the fly looks unusually attractive when drawn along below the surface. The general use of testing tanks would tend to make these desirable flies much commoner than they are at present.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

## TREES ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you two photographs of what I hope you will think an interesting tree. This is the chunar tree, and the photographs were taken near the village of Shalozan, which stands at the foot of the Peiwar Kotal on the



A FINE GROUP OF CHUNAR TREES.

Afghan frontier. In one of them is a tree with a large grape vine winding round it, giving it a particularly patriarchal appearance. The boy in the picture is carrying hay. The other shows a group of trees which are considered some of the finest chunars in India. In the foreground are some village children, and you may notice the primitive bridge made of a tree trunk.—A. P. ANDERSON.

## BEACHCOMBING FOR COAL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope you may think this photograph interesting. It shows an aged Whitby fisherwoman homeward bound with a load of coal slack which she has gathered from among the



## A WHITBY FISHWIFE.

With her salvaged coal.

rocks below the old abbey. After a stormy night when the tide has receded there is quite a rush by the fisherfolk to gather the harvest of coal, driftwood, etc., which has been washed ashore from the wrecks which have taken place at various times along this part of the coast. It is surprising to notice the remarkable loads some of the women can carry on their backs; the sack filled with slack borne by this old lady (who must have seen three score years

and ten) would weigh about half a hundredweight, and yet she was able to carry it half a mile unaided.—F. LUMBERS.

## THE NEW PRIMULA HELODOXA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is just possible that many flowering plants have mistaken the cold spell of weather in July and August for the time of their winter rest. For what other reason would cowslips



A PRIMULA FLOWERING IN NOVEMBER INSTEAD OF IN APRIL.

and primroses be flowering in the middle of November? The most beautiful of all primroses I have seen this autumn is the new *Primula helodoxa* (Glory of the Marsh). I send a picture of November blooms, though it is an April-flowering species. The flowers are of a most beautiful chrome yellow, soft and velvety in substance, with just a tint of green in the bud, and of aromatic fragrance. The flowers are borne in whorls, tier upon tier, each inflorescence bearing from four to eight whorls of blooms, so that the flowering season extends for many weeks. This new species was collected by Mr. George Forrest on the foothills at a low altitude in the extreme west of the Province of Yunnan. The accompanying illustration is prepared from a photograph of blooms sent by Mr. G. H. Dalrymple, of Bartley, Hants.—H. C.



A CHUNAR TREE ENCIRCLED BY A VINE.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

## TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK

**A**LREADY a good many auctions have been appointed for early in 1921, and next week will witness the opening of a series of London auctions, which will extend well into the new year, of the Doughty estate. In the course of a week or two there are important sales, among them those of Plymouth Castle for the Marquess of Breadalbane, and of sites on the Duchy estate at Kennington, by order of the Council of the Prince of Wales, both of which are to be held at Hanover Square on December 9th. The greater part of a town in the Midlands is to come under the hammer early in the coming year, and there are signs that the urban investor will have more than enough opportunities of laying out his money to advantage during the next few months.

The home of the Heythrop Hunt is in the market, Captain Brassey having decided to dispose of the Heythrop estate, Oxfordshire, including the residence and 5,400 acres. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are to offer the property by auction next year, unless it is sold in the meantime by private treaty. An aerial view was published in the Supplement of COUNTRY LIFE last week. Lord Braybrooke has entrusted the firm (in conjunction with Messrs. Martin Nockolds and Sons) with the sale of the Billingbear estate, 1,750 acres near Twyford, and other estates to be offered shortly by the Hanover Square firm are Lord Wimborne's Glencarron deer forest of over 15,000 acres; the Wear House estate of 450 acres, near Exeter; Pollok Castle and 2,000 acres in Renfrewshire for Miss Ferguson-Pollock; Lintrose, some 2,000 acres, on the borders of Perthshire and Forfarshire; Edgcott House, Exford; Sheplegh Court, 500 acres, near Totnes; the estate of Gartsherrie, 2,000 acres, in Lanark; Orroland and Barlocco, Kirkcudbright, for Mrs. Smith Cunningham; and premises in Liverpool, including the Angel Hotel.

## SALTWOOD CASTLE, HYTHE.

**I**N COUNTRY LIFE of February 8th, 1919, reference was made to Lympe Castle, then about to be sold, and now the neighbouring stronghold, Saltwood, is to be let by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Saltwood Castle sheltered the knights who slew Becket before and after their exploit, and the fact is the most notable of all the historical events associated with the property.

Part of the castle has been carefully restored, and all of it is beautiful and in a lovely part of East Kent, conveniently near Littlestone for those who care more for golf than for ruminating about the struggles of Church and State, and close to Dover and Folkestone. All this district has lately assumed a new interest and importance from the fact that momentous conferences arising out of the war have been held there, and in point of real historical importance the neighbourhood of Hythe has hardly any superiors, with its unbroken series of historical dramas from the days of the Romans down to our own period, when history is also in the making on the largest scale.

Saltwood was not the only archiepiscopal residence in Kent apart from that of Canterbury, for there were palaces at Otford, Wrotham and Charing, and the county probably derived enormous advantages from the stream of pilgrims from the Continent, London, the North and Midlands. The old "Pilgrim's Way," skirting the hilltops, now marks some of the favourite residential districts from Winchester by way of Alresford, Farnham, Shere, Dorking, along the southern slope of Boxhill, through Gatton Park, and onwards by Eastwell and Godmersham to Canterbury, but of all the places, other than the Cathedral itself, connected with the death of Becket, Saltwood will always be pre-eminent.

## ABINGDON ABBEY.

**E**CCELESIASTICAL associations of a happier kind than at Saltwood are those of Abingdon Abbey, now recalled by the sale of an old house, The Abbey, by Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners. For its comparatively small acreage the property has a long river frontage just outside Abingdon, and it is approached through the ruins of the abbey. Of the house itself there is not much to say,

except that it contains a chimneypiece of Irish marble in the billiard-room and that, when the property was up for sale in June, the vendor reserved the right to remove the chimneypiece. The Benedictines chose a grand site for the abbey, and managed their affairs so well that it became one of the wealthiest, and for a long period the abbot received summonses to Parliament with the peers of the realm. At the Dissolution of the Monasteries Abingdon's revenues reached the then immense sum of £1,876 a year, and the abbot was allowed to retain manorial rights over Cumnor and an allowance of £200 a year. The remains of the abbey were acquired by the borough of Abingdon in 1895, and have been put into good repair.

Sir Sydney Greville, K.C.V.O., has decided to sell the Manor House, Hove, an old Georgian residence standing in its own grounds.

Mr. G. H. Beaton is selling Sheplegh Court, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to dispose of it by auction at an early date. The property, near Totnes, extends to 500 acres. It includes a residence built sixty years ago. On Thursday last, at Godalming, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Debenham Brothers, offered Busbridge Hall estate, 1,392 acres, between Guildford and Haslemere.

## "PORT REGIS" SOLD.

**I**N the grounds of Port Regis, Isle of Thanet, which has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in conjunction with Messrs. Childs and Smith following the auction, is the historical "King's Gate" from which the hamlet derives its name.

Messrs. Norfolk and Prior have sold Old Mill House, Caldecote, Newport Pagnell, 7 acres, and they acted for the buyer of Bridge House, Aldham, Essex, 11 acres, and a Bromley property.

## NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

**L**IEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR HERBERT CHERMSIDE intends to sell the remaining contents of Newstead Abbey, the home of Lord Byron. The catalogue will include Chippendale bookcases and other objects which belonged to the poet. The collection of jewels and valuables belonging to the Children's Jewel Fund of the Red Cross will be sold at Hanover Square by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley next month. Offerings for the fund intended for this sale may be sent to the auctioneers.

## HORSLEY TOWERS AUCTION.

**M**R. T. O. M. SOPWITH paid Lord Lovelace £150,000 for the Horsley Towers estate, Surrey (as stated in COUNTRY LIFE, August 9th, 1919), and Messrs. Trollope, who acted for him on that occasion, have since sold over £60,000 worth of the outlying land. The whole remaining property, including the stately mansion, was submitted by the firm at Guildford. There was eagerness to buy the timber. Exactly a square mile changed hands for £29,665. Bidding for the house and 414 acres fell short of the reserve, the lot being put aside at only £8,000. A large sum has been spent by Mr. Sopwith in the improvement of the property during the few months he has owned it, special attention having been given to labour-saving and other modern requirements in the fittings of the mansion.

## BULBY HALL, LINCOLNSHIRE.

**F**OR Alderman Dean of Dowsley Hall Messrs. Escritt and Barrell are to re-sell Bulby Hall, a south-west Lincolnshire estate of 4,700 acres, with its old Elizabethan mansion, the seat of the first Earl of Ancaster, when Lord Willoughby de Eresby.

## THE ATHERSTONE AND QUORN.

**T**HE hall and 1,500 acres of Kirkby Mallory make a strong appeal to a hunting man, being in the Atherstone and Quorn country. The present intention is that Messrs. Mabbett and Edge shall offer the estate, at Leicester, early next spring.

## SUDBURY AND EWELME DOWN.

**T**HE sale to the tenants of a large block of dairy farms on Lord Vernon's Sudbury estate, Derbyshire, comprising some of the most valuable land in the county, has been

completed by Messrs. Collins and Collins, who have also sold the residential property known as Ewelme Down, on the Huntercombe Hill at Henley. It was erected by the late Mr. Lawson, at a cost of £70,000. The home farm and 400 acres go with the residence. Among transactions recently carried out by this firm is the purchase on behalf of a client of Embley Park Mansion, Hants, with the remainder of the estate, 1,350 acres. Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard acted for the vendor. Embley Park, one of the most magnificent mansions in Hants, was at one time the home of Florence Nightingale, and, although a vast sum has already been spent in beautifying and modernising the residence, Messrs. Collins and Collins' client proposes to make further improvements before he takes up his residence.

## THE DOUGHTY ESTATE, HOLBORN.

**N**EXT Friday at Winchester House, Messrs.

Nicholas will offer the first section of Sir Joseph H. B. Doughty Tichborne's Holborn property, known as the Doughty estate. The portion scheduled for sale on Friday is the freehold of the whole of the east side of Bedford Row, and freehold ground rents of £3,832, with reversions to the first Avenue Hotel and adjoining premises in High Holborn. The Bedford Row freeholds form a rectangular block of two acres, covered with well preserved Georgian houses, of the early eighteenth century.

The Row was once a favourite and prosperous residential quarter, and abundant indications still remain of the fact, in the spacious staircases, panelled rooms, powder closets, chimneypieces and artistically ornamented leaden cisterns. Of the last named there is an illustration in the particulars, which shows the perfection of design and workmanship lavished on these once indispensable adjuncts of a Town house. They were necessary, and it was wisely resolved that, if possible, they should also be beautiful, and that is not too strong a word to use of such a cistern as the one illustrated in Messrs. Nicholas' particulars.

No. 11, Bedford Row, once the home of the Doughtys, is thought to have frescoes by Sir James Thornhill. As a centre of the solicitors branch of the legal profession, the Doughty estate will be bid for on a basis which will leave all idea of acquiring the houses for their artistic qualities out of the question. It may be remarked that the lawyers stand at absurdly inadequate rents, and if they wish to remain in the Row, as they will, the investor may be trusted to see that they pay more in the future, and, from that standpoint, the sale is attractive to anyone with money to invest.

## COWPER'S COUNTRY.

**C**OWPER'S admirers have hardly risen to their opportunities, perhaps preferring to wait for private treaty. Messrs. Winterton and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Brown and Co., offered for sale Weston Manor, on the borders of Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire, comprising 1,564 acres. Two farms, containing 763 acres, were sold to the tenants previous to the auction, and an old-fashioned stone and tiled residence was also sold to the tenant.

The Lodge, closely associated with the poet, with the paddock adjoining, was secured by the tenant prior to the sale, and also Pear Tree House, situated in the village. At the auction the Manor House with stables, cottages and the lordship of the manor and the advowson to Weston Underwood, in all about 247 acres, failed to find a purchaser, and was withdrawn at £14,000, and is now for sale by private treaty. An old-fashioned stone residence, known as The Old House, was sold for £1,600. Manor Cottage, a seventeenth century residence, made £750. A farm of 271 acres was withdrawn at £4,400. Cowper's Inn and 8 acres realised £1,450. A field, known as Link Croft, between Underwood and Olney, 32 acres, was withdrawn at £900. The amount realised privately and at the auction was £28,000.

## EAST GRINSTEAD SALES.

**A**T East Grinstead Messrs. Fox and Sons withdrew Fen Place with 348 acres, which may be treated for privately. Burleigh Farm, 113 acres, was sold before the auction. Sandhill Farm, 71 acres, was sold to the tenant for £1,350, and Fenland Farm, 40 acres, was also sold.

ARBITER.

# PISE and OTHER COTTAGES at AMESBURY



GENERAL VIEW SHOWING SOME OF THE HOUSES ON THE FARM SETTLEMENT AT AMESBURY, WILTSHIRE.

CONNECTION between the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries and experimental building may appear remote, and the genesis of the colony which has arisen between the station and town of Amesbury, on the borders of Salisbury Plain, accordingly requires a few words of preliminary explanation. When faced in 1919 with the task of putting into effect the provisions of the Land Settlement (Facilities) Act the superior force of example over mere precept determined the Ministry upon a policy of which few will now deny the value. Not to labour the point overmuch, the man who is in a position to say: "I have done this; do (or do not) likewise," carries conviction where the more tentative advice that "such and such a course might be effective" leaves both doubt and responsibility with the recipient.

Having issued a manual on the equipment of small holdings, it appeared only logical for the Ministry, in its own equipment work, to translate into actuality a selection of the designs prepared by its technical advisers. At that time it had already become obvious that building methods removed from the normal would all have to be pressed into use to cope with the immensity of the national housing programme—particularly in rural areas; or, at least, that nothing should be allowed to pass untried in exploring the possibilities of advantage which might lie therein. This also seemed to offer a problem with which it was proper for the Ministry to grapple—with special regard to the fact that mass production methods (blessed panacea of urban housing) could, by the circumstances of the case, have very limited application to land settlement. Divergences from the normal were, therefore, essayed in both directions—a throw-back to various almost forgotten rural methods of building, and a thrust (perhaps "grope" is a better word) forward towards any new constructive expedients which seemed to offer promise.

Concurrently with the task facing the Ministry of Agriculture experimental work in new and novel forms of building was being initiated by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Acting with a co-ordination which one is taught not to expect in Government circles, the responsible heads came together and arrangements were made whereby sites were placed at the disposal of the Research Department upon which to erect cottages embodying numerous fruitful constructive experiments (again in both directions) and tests of new materials, methods, and apparatus. The sanity of this arrangement, which leaves the experimental work in being for future observation under actual conditions of use and usefulness, must be apparent; and the only object for making mention of the matter here is that the uninitiated critic, observing features that might normally be regarded as redundant or merely queer, would, no doubt, be tempted to indulge those powers of sarcasm always most fitly applied to examples of official waste. It would probably be admitted by all concerned that some of the experiments have not been successful, but that is of the essence of experimental work. The wise saying springs to mind: "The man who never made a mistake never made anything."

In all, about fourteen single houses and eighteen cottages in pairs have been built, and for purposes of description these can

be conveniently divided into (a) revived old methods, (b) new methods, (c) normal methods.

At the start the Ministry, in common with most authorities concerned with housing, coquetted with Army huts—two 60ft. by 15ft. sectional huts having been converted; and these alone present difficulty in classification, as one does not know whether the hut dwelling of to-day is properly described as old, new or normal! As converted, these huts make dwellings which are neither particularly inconvenient nor actively unsightly, nor, it may be added (in parentheses), at all cheap. The conclusion drawn from them was that, if a satisfactory and lasting result is sought, this method of housing offers seeming advantages which are altogether illusory, and that in the end the hut dwelling affords a close parallel to certain ancestral garments which, by repeated patching and alteration, have ultimately but an insignificant fraction of their original substance remaining.

## OLD METHODS REVIVED.

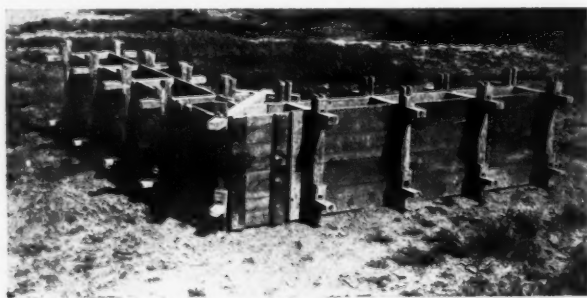
*Pisé de Terre.*—The Ministry (one gathers) is inclined to plume itself on its early appreciation of the potentialities of pise. Mr. St. Loe Strachey's well known small-holder's cottage



## BUILDING WITH CHALK COB.

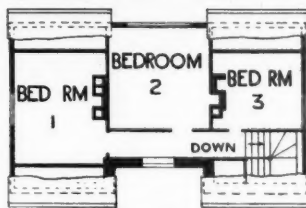
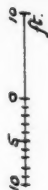
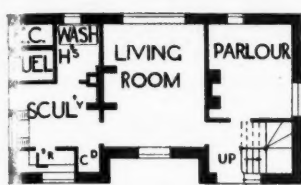
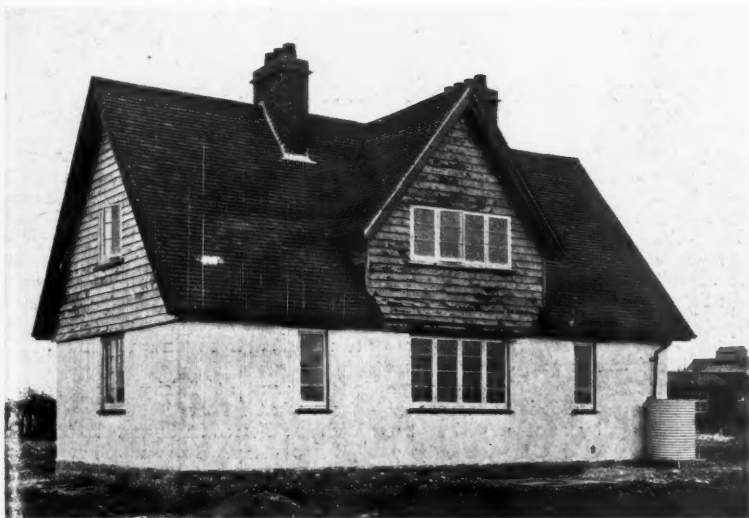
The completed house is seen on the extreme right in the view above.

at Newlands Corner represents a first and vicarious flirtation, this cottage having been built by Mr. Strachey from a manual plan under the direction of Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, at that time one of its Superintending Architects. Following this, experiment was made at Amesbury leading to the discovery of suitable earth for ramming, and several pise houses were begun. In the first work undertaken the Mark V shuttering (see "Cottage Building in Cob, Pisé, Chalk and Clay." COUNTRY LIFE Library) was used, but effort was early directed to simplification, and more recent work has been carried out with a cheaper and less complicated type (more rudimentary, some might say: Mr. Williams-Ellis being understood to hold the opinion that it might have been used by Hannibal!). This simplified shuttering, however, has proved sufficiently satisfactory, though improvements with it are continually being made, and more will no doubt arise. The work carried out at Amesbury leads one to believe that where pise is economically possible—that is, when suitable earth for ramming exists on or near the building site, and when the limitations as to period for working and scope of design are recognised—there is great hope in this method. The saving in transport charges, the cleanliness of the work, and the absence of costly and annoying waits for delivery of material, are all very strong points in its favour. But it is essential that the design should be suited to the construction, namely, square or oblong plans without breaks. Gables and high walls should be avoided and bedrooms formed as much as possible in the roof. The cottage shown by the top illustration on the next page proved the best suited to pise building, and even this has been further improved in later designs now being carried out. The



SHUTTERING FOR PISE DE TERRE.  
Ministry of Agriculture pattern.

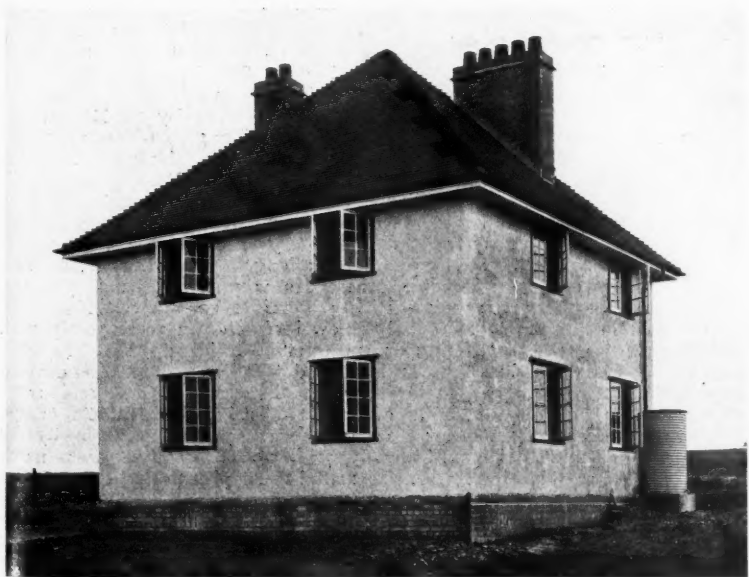




COTTAGE OF PISÉ WITH ELM WEATHERBOARDING TO GABLES.



TIMBER-FRAME COTTAGES WITH ELM WEATHERBOARDING.



PISÉ COTTAGE.  
Ministry of Agriculture.

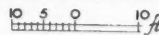
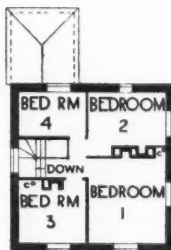
very numerous putlog or bolt-holes left by the cross stays of the shuttering have so far necessitated considerable expenditure of labour in filling up. In a normal cottage there may be from two to three hundred of these holes, and the process of filling them with rough concrete or tile and cement seems unnecessarily laborious and costly. It is hoped to economise in future by using pre-cast plugs of cement and sand.

Both the external and the internal finish of the pisé walls have offered a field for experiment. Apparently a satisfactory exterior treatment is a mixture of sand and ground lime, 1 and 1, brushed on. Internal plastering, seemingly, adheres well to the pisé, but the surface as left from the shuttering is often so good that it has been determined to make experiment with a similar finish to that used externally—first making good any inequalities. There would, of course, be a considerable further economy if plastering could thus be eliminated.

A good eaves and an efficient damp-course are both essentials to the endurance of earth walls, and the foundation of other material (brick or concrete) must be carried well above the ground surface—for 1ft. at least. When all precautions are observed there seems no reason why a substantial and lasting building should not result; but enough has been learnt already to prove that this is no method for amateurs.

Amesbury soil is loam overlying chalk. The material used in most of the pisé cottages is a mixture of loam (below the vegetable topsoil) with the disintegrated chalk immediately under. One of the Scientific Research cottages has been built of semi-rammed chalk and straw—practically cob in shuttering—and this also seems satisfactory. The Research Department have also constructed a cottage of chalk and cement rammed between shuttering.

*Chalk Cob.*—Everyone visiting the settlement is at once conscious of the satisfactory feeling of substance in the chalk cob cottage, but there are many reasons why it may be taken as certain that this good old building method will not come again into common use. It is subject to the same limitations as pisé, and does not share the latter's advantages of speed and cleanliness. It is, in fact, very slow and very "messy." A point exemplified in the chalk cob cottage illustrated on the preceding page is the extravagance in roofing caused by the thick walls, if the design is not shaped with the special object of avoiding this, as in the pisé cottage shown by the top illustration on this page. Not only is the actual area to be covered appreciably increased, but if windows are to be formed below the eaves the roof must either spring from a general higher level or must have an expensive sprocket eaves, or recourse must be had to dormers.



*Weatherboarded Timber Framing.*—A contrast to the bulkiness of the two preceding examples is afforded by the pair of framed cottages covered with elm weatherboards, here illustrated. There is, however, nothing specially adventurous either in the design or execution of this building. Timber cottages were noisily advocated by many as the way out from the housing tangle, and the exploration of every avenue led, among others, to this, which may, perhaps, be justly called a side-track. These are quite good and comfortable houses, but have not proved markedly cheaper or quicker to construct than brick houses of equal accommodation, which, in the circumstances, most people will prefer. E.

(To be continued.)

# HONOURING A GOOD HORSE

SQUARE MEASURE AND HIS ACHIEVEMENTS.

THE end of the 1920 flat racing season is very near. Soon I shall be engaging in a review of those events which held us interested as they passed processionally into history. The look back can, however, be deferred for the moment. There remains still to be decided a week of racing divided between Warwick, Manchester and Lingfield Park. This week it has been going on at Leicester and at Derby, and at the week-end it is, of course, at Hurst Park.

Last week we were at Liverpool for four crowded and most interesting days of flat racing, steeplechasing and hurdling. It was at Liverpool that we saw one of the brightest performances of the season—the success of Mr. Reid Walker's five year old horse, Square Measure, under 9st., 2lb., in the race for the Liverpool Autumn Cup.

I have heard lots of cheering over popular victories from time to time at Liverpool, and I have witnessed scenes of genuine enthusiasm, but I can scarcely remember one that surpassed, if, indeed, it equalled, that enacted subsequent to Square Measure's victory. The crowds rejoiced over the Grand National victories of Jerry M., Poethlyn and Troystown in 1912, 1919 and 1920, and possibly the volume of cheering was greater and more sustained because there were far more people present, and somehow a Grand National triumph, especially on the part of a really good horse, makes a more direct appeal than any flat race. King Edward's Derby victories and Lord Rosebery's Derby triumph with Ladas caused the people *en masse* to boil up, but in modern times no winner has received such a fine reception as did Square Measure last Friday.

The circumstances are well worth examining. This horse only cost Mr. Walker 220 guineas at the end of his two year old days, and he has steadily improved since then. This, however, has been his great year. The son of Simon Square (by St. Simon) was not thought to be fit when he won the Doveridge Handicap at Derby in the spring. His starting price was 7 to 1, which shows that he was not thought to be at his best.

A little later he was only beaten a short head by Corn Sack for the City and Suburban, and many thought he was unlucky to lose. Then he went to Manchester to compete for the Cup. This time he was fitter, and with Donoghue riding he was the best backed horse in the race, with the exception of Pomme de Terre, which was conceding 5lb. The latter won by three parts of a length, but I am sure the distance of a mile and a half was just too far for him. His best course is a mile and a quarter, and we had it demonstrated again last week when he was undoubtedly beginning to tire towards the end of the mile and three furlongs. From Manchester the horse went to Ascot, where he won the Royal Hunt Cup very easily. And I have little doubt in my own mind now, after seeing him at Liverpool last week, that he would have won the Cambridgeshire had the miners not caused it to be abandoned. Let the bookmakers who laid him in doubles and singles think of that. They would have been heavy losers had there been a Cambridgeshire, and in the circumstances they might be recommended to show their gratitude by collectively making a grant towards the depleted funds of the miners!

It will be understood now why there was this demonstration in favour of the horse. It was stimulated out of sympathy for having been deprived of the Cambridgeshire; by the fact that he had enriched many people by his success, for he started a red-hot favourite at 15 to 8 against; and by the fact that only a really good horse can win a Liverpool Cup with 9st. 2lb. on his back. As he passed the judge, holding Orsan, Folichinelle

and others at bay, he was cheered; but it was when Donoghue came back with him to the paddock and the weighing-in enclosure that the cheers were loudest and most sustained.

It was, in fact, a fine tribute to a good horse, and in honouring him the crowd also honoured themselves by proving their excellent sportsmanship. Opponents of racing declare that a racing crowd only cheer when they have won money. It is not so, and especially does this apply at Liverpool, where so many excellent performances are recorded from time to time on the flat and over the fences.

On Friday there is the race at Derby for the Cup, and it is not improbable from what I hear that it may be won by another of Mr. Reid Walker's horses in Square Meal, a five year old with only 7st. 5lb. to carry. It seems that he was well galloped a little while ago with Square Measure, and if the trial was correct and the horse reproduces it on the racecourse, then he will most certainly win this Cup race. The top weight, Planet, can have no chance, since his form for a long time past suggests that he is a light of other days. Golden Guinea is talked about, but I doubt whether the course will suit him as well as the Manchester November Handicap race would do. He is a very lazy horse, and personally I much prefer him at Manchester. Abbot's Trace will be ridden by Donoghue, which, perhaps, is the most that can be urged in his favour, for I do not think he

has pretensions to get the mile and six furlongs. Redhead ran rather miserably in an apprentices' race at Liverpool, but it was surely all wrong, and I am prepared to see her give a far different display to-day. I much prefer Alasnam to Spearwort, and I think Sir Abe Bailey's horse would account for such as Holbeach and Kerasos. The Newmarket folk are very keen on One, a horse that ran prominently for a long way in the Cesarewitch. I suggest, however, that Square Meal will win if half what I hear be correct.

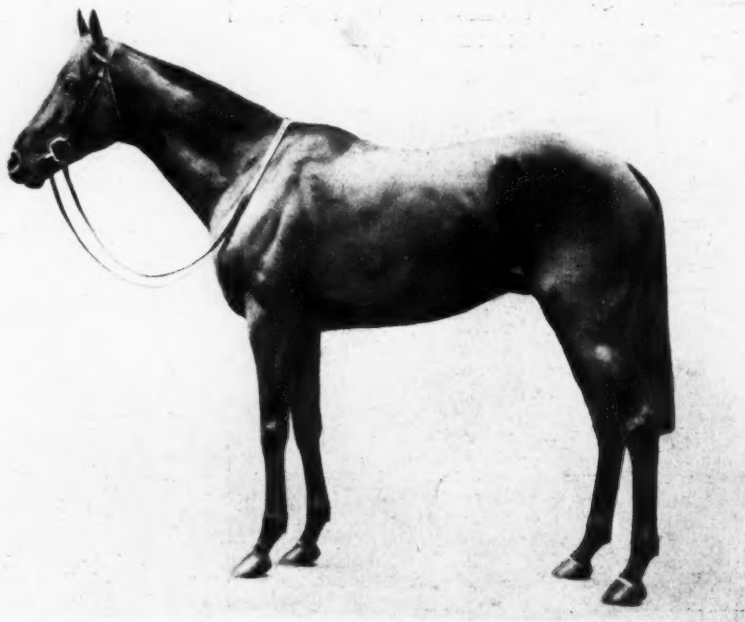
Quite the most promising steeple-chaser seen out at Liverpool last week was Always, a big and strongly-knit brown son of Ardoon and bred

in Ireland. He won the Becher Steeplechase and thereby registered his second win in two visits over the difficult Aintree country. He is now owned by an Englishman and trained by Stanley Harrison at Bangor-on-Dee, very near to where Poethlyn was bred. Harrison, I think, rents gallops belonging to Major Hugh Peel, who bred Poethlyn.

If it be possible, it certainly is exceptional, for such a thing to be at the present time, then let it be said that Always is favourite at this early date for the next Grand National Steeplechase. What a long way to look ahead! And yet it is a fact that there are very few horses in the land at the present time with pretensions to win a "National." Poethlyn, I am told, has now broken down permanently with no hope of patching him up to stand training again. Troystown is dead, but The Turk II and The Bore (second and third respectively for the race last March) survive, and some tangible hope exists of such as Turkey Buzzard, Ardonagh, Glencorrig, and one or two recent purchases made by Sir James Buchanan. Still, Always is not likely to be given much less than 12st. when the next handicap comes to be made by Mr. Topham.

Next week I hope to be able to write something about the last important handicap of the season, the "Manchester November," which, of course, is to be run on the 27th of the month. The distance is a mile and a half, and at the moment I need only say that my present ideas point to Golden Guinea.

PHILIPPOS.



W. A. Rouch.

MR. REID WALKER'S SQUARE MEASURE, BY SIMON SQUARE—TIT FOR TAT.

Winner of the Liverpool Autumn Cup.

Copyright.